



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

THE Ross Government has pulled through the general elections with a narrow majority which can be relied upon to remind the Administration that their tenure of office, even with a weak Opposition, will depend greatly upon their conforming to the general ideas of the public in large matters such as transportation, power and light, and such other utilities as have to do with the well-being of communities. That Mr. Whitney has failed to obtain the Premiership under circumstances where a stronger man would probably have been successful, is significant of the weakness of his individuality and his lack of those magnetic qualities which are required for the leadership of men.

That the majority is small, that the new constituencies did not in their entirety rush to the grateful recognition of the Government, and that political lightning struck in strange places, and that altogether we find ourselves in a situation which no one could have predicted, indicates that political cleavage in Ontario is of a very uncertain sort. Bogus independence, on the other hand, is at a discount as well as hard and fast party attachments. The men who sought to establish their disregard of party by their ill-mannered treatment of their friends, have been rebuked. That independence sufficient to stand the closer scrutiny which has to do with principle rather than personal interests would meet the instant approval of the electorate, cannot be doubted, nor can it be held that the present contest between the ins and the outs, between two parties, neither having distinctive principles, between leaders neither of whom has a policy which is not more or less a make-shift and a borrowed affair, can last through another general election. Two parties, both of whom are notoriously guilty of cultivating corporations and disregarding public rights, have now for several general elections come out almost neck and neck at the finish, and it will be strange if some new leader does not arise who by conscientious attention to every legitimate public desire will seize upon the affections of the electorate and leave both the old contestants far in the rear. Mr. Ross has the opportunity of taking hold of this leadership himself, but if he does so he will have to give the marble hand to a good many of his colleagues who evidently have sought to retain power by other than popular methods.

It must seem strange to the majority of observers that Ontario developed only one man of special capacity during the general election just over. Premier Ross was all there was of the Grit campaign, the only man of marked ability in the whole outfit. It is customary to ascribe to a leader the associated virtues and strength of his colleagues; in the episode under consideration the weaknesses and personal tendencies of Ministers to make something for themselves had to be enveloped in the personal greatness of the man whose name the Government bore. The vicissitudes of such a campaign, shrouded in mourning as the whole affair was by the death of Mrs. Ross, seemed to be more than the ordinary man could be reasonably expected to bear. The weakness and selfishness of many of the men supporting the Premier as administrative advisers were so evident and so corrosive that it was really surprising that his colleagues did not rust him out of his position. With the whole campaign to make, heavily weighted with these men who were of no use but really a burden, Premier Ross did remarkably well, and the proper cartoon of his effort might have been contained in a copy of the ancient picture of Atlas bearing the world. It is well known that the Premier has always invited all the help he could get, which is quite a reverse picture to the attitude of Leader of the Opposition Whitney, who, it is said, takes himself much too seriously and endeavored to carry the whole burden.

The matter now rests largely with the legal interpreters of what answers as our constitution—an uncertain thing which is liable to be stretched in almost any direction. That the Liberals are more prone than the Conservatives to stretch the election law in their own direction, cannot be admitted. In the old days the piece of lead under the finger nail and the tack under the green baize of the table, tricks for disfiguring ballots, were as well and perhaps more generally adopted than it can be argued that they are now. That ballot-stuffing and frauds are novelties invented by Grits is an assertion which would only be made by a tyro and would be laughed to scorn by those who knew the workings of the old machine. The general indication of public opinion is that Ross would be welcome to another term if some of his lieutenants were suppressed. On the other hand, there is no well expressed call for Whitney and his associates. The people who believe that an audit of the public accounts such as would be occasioned by a change of Administration, no matter who the auditors might be, would be of advantage to the province, are neither numerous nor to be taken very seriously. In the meantime it is perhaps not to be regretted that Mr. Ross will continue in the management of affairs, having in mind the necessity of a reorganization with a view to inspiring public confidence which is now lacking. That a man with such genius for government should be unable to reconstruct his administrative machinery will be incredible. That there are no other men of administrative capacity in Ontario liable to seize upon the available machinery would be equally incredible. That the climax has been arrived at, that the repeated deadlocks have been as numerous as people will permit, is so evident that it is impossible to believe that even the most optimistic of Premiers will permit things to be run on old lines. The much clamored for "change" is certainly ensured.

The history of the Prohibitionists in provincial and federal politics in this country and in State and federal politics in the United States is one unbroken record of wreckage. Wherever they have taken a hand in politics they have caused disaster to their friends. The party most nearly allied to the Prohibitionists has invariably been the victim of this intolerable fad. The Republican party in the United States, which has in State issues been most frequently allied with the Prohibitionists, has always suffered when it permitted itself to become entangled with this intolerable negative issue. If the Prohibitionists would abandon the coercive and purely legislative feature of their propaganda they would find some support of a reasonable sort. If instead of using their organized strength to forbid the use of something, destructive as it may be, they would start an agitation for the building up of moral and mental and physical stamina, they would find themselves approved of. From the beginning of time the attitude of "thou shalt not" has been a singularly weak and inoperative one. To preach the doctrine of strength, of individual resistance, of the teaching of the child from the cradle up to resist serious temptations and to remain unweakened in the presence of weakening surroundings, would enlist the sympathy of every courageous and self-respecting citizen. To invite the law to remove temptations is to invite the law to do for a man what he should do for himself. Education, not coercion, is the procedure which should be followed, and nowhere in the whole history of mankind's struggle for a better situation and improved surroundings can the weakness of prohibition be more clearly demonstrated than in

the election returns of every community where a Prohibitionist contest has been invited. The way to be virtuous easily has never been demonstrated and never will. The way not to be tempted without effort is still as undefined as the royal road to knowledge without study. The very people who ask for Prohibitionist legislation are the ones who do not even vote in order to produce that for which they have clamored in a revengeful or purely technical spirit. They frequently punish their friends for not doing what they themselves are obviously unwilling to do. The election just over has at least demonstrated the insincerity and unreliability of those who claim to be consumed by the hope of making everyone temperate by Act of Parliament. The Prohibitionists are wreckers, political and otherwise. No one favoring a negative policy was ever constructive. Those who desire to make the world better must advocate something and not organize to forbid something. The world has no use for those whose only anxiety is to be good because they are not tempted. Those who go up before the Great White Throne and are welcomed there are the ones who have come up through much tribulation, not those who have arrived after an easy time.

EVERYONE is heartily glad that the Boer war is over. There was really no reason why it should not have been over a year ago. The fighting of the last twelve months accomplished nothing. In the end the Boers have been obliged to accept the same terms as they could have secured long ago if the dotting and obstinate old man who was once their leader and for two years has been a refugee had been open to reason, and had their misguided sympathizers in Europe and the United States not deceived themselves with the notion that something miraculous might happen to oblige England to knuckle under. The Boers had lots of noisy but valueless backing from Anglophobes the world over. But there never was the slightest prospect that a single one of all the intensely selfish powers whose predilections were dictated by blind jealousy of Britain rather than by generous love of the extinguished republics would hazard a farthing to back up their loud-mouthed professions of friendship for the Boers. The fighting burghers were deceived and duped from the outset by

Wellington. In 1897 he was scarcely known outside of the army. At Omdurman he emerged from comparative insignificance into the whole world's view, reaping the reward of years of patient, steady organization in the obscurity of the Sudan. Two and a half years ago, when British arms had come to grief in Natal, the silent, sphinx-like man of Egypt was called south as Lord Roberts' adjutant. There were doubts and misgivings. Predictions were made that Kitchener, the man who had beaten savages, would come to grief in conflict with a white and well armed foe amidst conditions vastly different from those of the Nile valley. Roberts made the plan of campaign and Kitchener organized the details. The result was that in less than six months Bloemfontein, Johannesburg and Pretoria were all in the hands of the British. Then came the last and most trying stage of the war. The enemy's forces, broken up into roving bands, infested the mountainous districts and harried the country in all directions. The war degenerated into a fierce and wanton guerrilla conflict. To crush out this irregular warfare, to adapt a highly organized and centralized army to a sort of continuous running attack and defence, to make the country so hot that it would not hold even quick-moving guerrillas, to wear down the enemy till he gave up from sheer exhaustion, weariness and lack of material—this was the task that fell undivided to Kitchener of Khartoum. The man undertaking such a task had nine chances of failure against him, and one of success in his favor. Kitchener, in serene self-confidence, accepted the odds, knowing he should win out on the tenth chance. And he did. Great drag nets were organized which swept the country unceasingly in all directions. The block-house system was established, by means of which the roving guerrillas were confined to particular areas. In Pretoria sat the directing intelligence which worked the whole mechanism. Kitchener, the organizer of victory, was moving every man on the checkerboard, with no thought of haste, no heed to stupid detraction, no doubt of ultimate success. And success came ultimately. The grim, unflinching man who had conquered the Dervishes wore down the Boers in the most tedious and vexatious campaign of modern warfare. Out of the struggle Kitchener comes with increased stature, with reputation wondrously enhanced.



The Filling Up of the Canadian North-West.—A Settler's Cabin.

their own leaders and by their so-called friends abroad. They will now learn how generous Britain can be, and in the light of the new order they will possibly discover that the war, which they started, was from the first a mad enterprise. The terms of peace are such as no power but Great Britain would have granted under similar circumstances. They have been fully and freely discussed in the press and their particulars are known to everyone. They seem to be as wise and statesmanlike as they undoubtedly are humane. But they must stand the test of time, and twenty-five years from now it may be possible to say whether the Boers under the new order of things are really to become loyal and whole-hearted citizens of the Empire or are to remain a separate and peculiar people, cherishing their own language and brooding over their thwarted dream of a Dutch Africa. The provision in the terms of peace for the continued use of their language in the schools and law courts meets with a good deal of criticism in this country. It looks suspiciously like the perpetuation of a dual language system such as we in Canada are familiar with. If Dutch is taught to the children and permitted to be used in judicial proceedings, it will probably be chiefly spoken in the legislatures, when such are established. Once this privilege is conceded it will never be given up, and a burden will be imposed on the future South African states which from all past experience is a grievous one to be borne. Language either separates or unites men. A conquered people will cling for centuries, if permitted, to their ancient speech, cherishing it as a racial rallying point and making it to serve as a barrier against all attempts at assimilation.

It is rather a good joke on the United States that, after all the talk of John Bull's decadence, the old fellow has been able to "muddle through" in South Africa and conclude a satisfactory peace, while affairs in the Philippine Islands are in just as bad shape as they were when Great Britain got into her recent difficulty. However, now that the Boer war is over, Uncle Sam will have more time to devote to his own troubles. There need be no further talk of the horrors of British concentration camps or of the brutalities indulged in by Thomas Atkins. The newspapers of the Republic can use all their space to describe the conditions known to exist in the Philippines, and instead of shedding crocodile tears over the Boers, whom it is not in their power to help, they can expend their sweet sympathy on the poor Filipinos whom their own countrymen have to deal with.

OF all the men who have been concerned in the South African war on the British side, only Lord Kitchener, Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Milner come out with their fame genuinely enhanced. Kitchener is the military hero of the war, and already completely overshadows "Bobs," who made the mistake of declaring the war over too soon. Kitchener, the relentless and inscrutable, who moves with the deliberation and precision of fate, who is the incarnation of bulldog tenacity and grim determination, has had a more rapid rise than any military hero since

tion of industry, are not vocal upon some of the great issues that engross the thought of live men.

Too many Members of Parliament are in the party rut. They go to Ottawa to put in as much of the session as may be necessary in order to draw the full indemnity; they have a good time socially, they keep in touch with the party organization, and at most they address literature to their constituents or prosecute the claims of private friends or party allies. A large portion of every session is consumed in formal and perfunctory proceedings. There is time for voluminous debate on the Speech from the Throne, which generally says but little and says that in conventional language. The budget speech affords another occasion for all the wind-jammers suffering from a diarrhoea of words and a constipation of ideas. There is the man with the annual resolution expressive of some fad, who takes the time of the House and helps on the good belief that Parliament is not a business meeting, but an arena for pantomimic display and party conflict. It will be noticed by anyone who will take the trouble to follow the proceedings year after year, how few new subjects are introduced to the attention of either House and how large a proportion of the matters dealt with are old cuds that have been chewed over and over till the very mention of them is sickening. The member with new subjects to bring to the attention of the House is, generally speaking, not wanted on either side. The Government side does not encourage him because he takes up time, and the Opposition can waste enough of that without the assistance of Government supporters. The Opposition has room for a larger proportion of buccaners than the Government, because it is not responsible for anything, but even on the Opposition side the bringing up of matters that have not been passed upon in caucus by any but the recognized leaders of the party, is frowned upon. The irrepressible W. F. Maclean is said to have been called down in no uncertain manner for presuming at the recent session to bring on a discussion of the Imperial budget without consulting his fellow-Conservatives. And thus it goes. So many are the technical and customary matters which must be disposed of and so strict are the conventions of party discipline, that great new issues do not always succeed in emerging through the incrustations of Parliamentary formalism, opportunism and lassitude until long after the attention of wide-awake men has been directed to them.

It may be quite true that the conference of the Boards of Trade usurped the function of Parliament. But Parliament, in respect of most of the matters dealt with by the conference, not only allowed its function to be usurped, but invited such usurpation by its supineness and indecision. Now that such a conference has once been pulled off with fairly satisfactory results, we may expect some such gathering to be repeated periodically in the future. A loose organization of all the Boards of Trade of the Dominion will in all probability be one of the fruits of the gathering held this week. Such an organization will be valuable in making audible the opinions of the commercial and financial community. The Boards of Trade do not represent the whole people by any means. But they represent a considerable, estimable and influential portion of the people, and if they say "Aye" upon a given question perhaps even Parliament will hesitate to say "No."

The resolutions passed by the conference are so numerous and deal with such a wide range of matters that to review them this week is impossible. Altogether they form a very important outline of policy and will furnish matter for future discussion.

RICE, the sole survivor of the notorious Routledge gang, who murdered Constable Boyd, has received the dread sentence of death from the lips of Chief Justice Falconbridge, and after over a year's delay will pay the penalty of one of the worst crimes in the annals of Toronto. Never was extreme punishment more richly deserved than by this alien desperado, who deliberately came into Canada to rob and plunder and who shot down an officer of the law without a moment's hesitation in a mad effort to escape from custody. Rice deserves no sympathy, and the judge, in sentencing him to be hanged, warned him not to look for executive clemency. Both the judge and the jury were convinced of his guilt. It would be a miscarriage of justice if this man were shown mercy which has been denied to other murderers whose crimes were less heinous than his. The fact that Rice is an educated man aggravates his offence. He seems to have coolly and deliberately chosen a career of crime. He has brought himself to the pass where he now stands, and Canadian justice, which he outraged, will be vindicated only when he has paid the price exacted by our laws.

IN a recent talk on citizenship at Yale, Bishop Potter said that the citizen has a perfect right to ask every rich man, "How did you get your money?" The Bishop, of course, did not mean that the citizen has a right to gratify idle curiosity, but that society and even the individual has an interest in knowing how the great fortunes that so rapidly spring into being have had their start—whether in legitimate enterprise or by the practice of injustice and wrong. The difficulty is that the public cannot always get a satisfactory answer to such a question as "How did you get your money?" and even when it does it is not always easy to discriminate between right and wrong schemes of acquiring wealth. But there is an element of truth in Bishop Potter's contention that society at large and every individual member of society has a rightful concern in the methods by which enormous wealth is accumulated in a few hands. There are even in Toronto some rich men who would not care to have to answer the question, "How did you get your money?"

HERE is a life tragedy told in a three-line advertisement in a Boston newspaper: "Wanted—Sunny, airy, quiet, comfortable, unfurnished, inexpensive room, by non-smoking, tidy, middle-aged, unmarried poet." Only a case-hardened soul could read these lines without tears. Think of it! A poet in his tidiness, his singleness, and his middle age, hunting a room! There is unspeakable pathos in the way he puts it with the glad things first.

ON page 7 is reprinted the protest of the Scottish Home Rule Association against some of the features of the approaching Coronation. This fearless criticism of the ceremonies and symbols to be employed not only makes good reading, but provides some food for honest thought. There is no place in modern government for the doctrine of the divine right of kings, Edward VII's title to the throne is based on an Act of Parliament. If the doctrine of divine right held good, the legitimists who believe that the descendants of the Stuarts should wear the crown would have an unanswerable case. However, there is no occasion to get excited over the questions raised by the Scottish Home Rulers. The King, though anointed and consecrated and formally given the right to rule the people, is not going to endanger his head by playing the game of Charles I. The ceremonies of coronation are conventional and follow precedent. They are forms only and mere importance is not to be attached to them than to the mere words of the King's title, which are so high sounding as to

suggest an absolute monarchy, although the English kings for three centuries have been shorn of their autocratic powers. Without quibbling and hair-splitting, we can all unite in heartily acknowledging ourselves subjects of His Majesty King Edward VII. in the modern sense of the words: we can sincerely join in the chorus of congratulations on his assumption of the crown, and can unfeignedly wish him long life and happiness in the discharge of his exalted office.

A CORRESPONDENT enters a protest against the comment that appeared in these columns a couple of weeks ago on Mr. W. M. Salter's recent article in the "Atlantic Monthly" on anarchy. The correspondent says: "Call off your anarchist editor. . . . I have read 'Saturday Night' from its beginning until the present time and I do not remember to have previously seen an anarchistic editorial article. . . . As I regard anarchism in the same light in which I regard rattlesnakes, I should be very sorry to learn that the paragraph to which I refer expresses the editorial sentiments of 'Saturday Night'."

My correspondent can rest easy. "Saturday Night" is the last paper in the world to propagate anarchistic doctrine, and if the writer of the above will take the trouble to re-read the article complained of he will doubtless see that it is very far from being, as he describes it, an "anarchistic editorial." That the anarchist movement has not been seriously checked by any method used up to the present time will be admitted. As pointed out by Mr. Salter, to talk of "stamping out" anarchy by punishing anarchist crime, is absurd. If the disease is to be coped with, its true character must be discovered. People must take the pains to find out what anarchy really means—what it aims at, and how it proposes to reach its goal. Forbidding as the whole subject is, it is one with which society must come to close quarters. Rattlesnakes cannot be caught with bear traps, and anarchism cannot be defeated by the methods resorted to in the detection and punishment of ordinary crime. That was the sole point of the article to which exception has been taken.

Peace.

O'er veldt and mountain of the blood-stained land
Long dim with smoke of battle, cometh June
Across the flowery meadows, hand-in-hand
With white-robed Peace; and every copse and dune
Awakes with melody; and glorious noon
Of summer breaks, and banishes the spell
Of War's drear, dark and heavy-laden days;
Welcome the blessed Maid with pealing bell.
And songs, and garlands and triumphant bays;
And reverent kneel, and offer up to God the praise!

Well timed, sweet June! for doubtless thou dost bring
The angel of the olive-branch to share
The Coronation fete of Britain's King.
And of his consort, Alexandra fair.
And to add splendour to that pageant rare
Beyond all pomp and circumstance of state:
For Peace enthroned above the royal car—
Her heavenly radiance, like the moon's mild beams,
Falling upon the serried ranks of war—
Will typify Humanity's fond dream
Of that blest day when hostile swords no more shall gleam.

With healing in thy wings thou comest, Peace.
To hearts long racked with fever of unrest;
The toils, the trampings and the tumults cease;
Victor and vanquished now alike are blest.
And honor's badge disdains not either breast,
For both were valiant; for the slain we weep,
And for the living pray, that now thy balm
May, by heaven's blessing, heal the rancors deep.
And so, in time, as brothers, palm-in-palm,
These foemen twain may grow to one 'mid freedom's
calm.

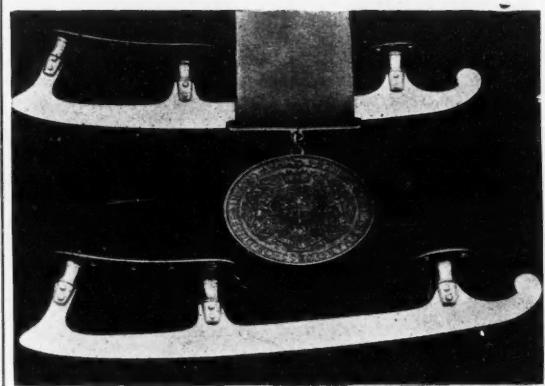
J. W. BENGOUGH.

Social and Personal.

THE list of June weddings includes names which in their turn interest all sections of society, and it is universally deplored that owing to sundry family bereavements several of these weddings will be strictly private and the beautiful brides will only be seen and congratulated by their family circles. This week several very pretty weddings have been celebrated, one of the most interesting being that of Miss Emilie Frances Patterson, second daughter of Mrs. Frederick Patterson (nee McCarthy) of Brunswick avenue, and Mr. George Edgar Gooderham, second son of Mr. W. G. Gooderham of Trinity street. Both bride and groom are very young and belong to families of such large connections that although, with exception of a dozen intimate friends, the invitations were limited to relatives, the beautiful little church in Huron street which has seen so many happy brides, was half filled with relations of the young couple, while beyond the white ribbon barriers it was packed with ladies and girl friends of the pretty bride. Soft music filled the air and fragrant lilies, guelder roses and green wreathed the carved chancel screen, having been arranged by the bride's girl friends, and lovely pink and white flowers adorned the altar, which was brilliantly lit with tapers and the soft red glow of swinging lamps. The choir entered from the vestry, preceded by two acolytes with scarlet and white vestments, and followed by the officiating clergy, three in number, Rev. Father Davenport, the rector, Rev. T. W. Patterson of Deer Park, uncle of the bride, who performed the ceremony, and Rev. J. O. Miller of Bishop Ridley College, St. Catharines. Mr. Patterson was in the gold embroidered vestments worn for special services in St. Thomas' Church. Half-past two o'clock was the hour set for the ceremony, and shortly after the bride's procession entered the south door, while the organ pealed forth the Lohengrin bridal music. Mr. George Ince, chief usher, led the procession, followed by Mr. Ed Gooderham and his cousin, Mr. Hargrave, with Miss Florence Patterson, sister of the bride, as maid of honor, next, and the two charming young bridesmaids following. They were Miss Katie Cross of Walmer road and Miss Leah Walker of St. George street. Miss Patterson wore a white silk dress with pearl applique and slashed sleeves, a picture hat with plumes, and carried a sheaf of pink roses. On her bodice gleamed a lovely little gold watch and fleur-de-lis pin, the gift of the bridegroom. Miss Katie Cross looked exceedingly well in lettuce green taffeta, and Miss Walker in pale pink. They wore very pretty hats and carried pink roses. The slim, girlish bride was a picture in rich Liberty satin, tucked and softly flounced with chiffon, and trimmed with Escorial lace. Her veil, which was also her mother's bridal veil, was of sheerest net with flecks of silk embroidery, and two beautiful strands of orange flowers from her uncle's ranch at Los Angeles, Cal., held the filmy folds over her shining hair. The bride's bouquet was a dream of light beauty, lilies of the valley and pale green ferns falling in strands to the floor, and standing by hundreds in a huge circle of the most lovely white and green. Her only jewel was a splendid necklace of pearls with a diamond pendant, the gift of the groom, who also gave the bridesmaids handsome pearl brooches. Mr. Norman Patterson led his sister in and gave her away, and the choir sang very well indeed, the service being fully choral. Miss Gillespie sang a most melodious setting of "O. Perfect Love" while the bride and groom signed the register, after which the wedding party drove to the home of Mrs. Patterson, which was a bower of spring blooms, and where the lawn at the back and side of the house was a charming addition to the various flower-garlanded rooms. The bride and groom were duly congratulated and their health proposed and drunk in sparkling champagne, a neat little speech being made by Rev. Mr. Patterson. The wedding breakfast was served in the dining-room, and the wedding presents, which were

most elegant, arranged in an upper room. The bride and groom left on the bridal trip at half-past four, showered with confetti and rice, and the prettiest of summer brides was over. Mrs. Gooderham went away in a blue cloth travelling gown, with white and blue trimmings, and a neat little chapeau of white and black. The wedding tour will include the larger United States cities, and on their return, Mr. and Mrs. Gooderham will be for a time at the Arlington until taking up their new residence in Bedford road. Among the very smart company at the marriage was the groom's mother, in a pretty royal blue and white silk with flower bonnet, and a jewel of nine fine diamonds, two exquisite pearls, and twenty-five emeralds, designed by Mr. Willie Gooderham as his gift to her on their recent twenty-fifth anniversary, and representing by the diamonds their nine sons, by the pearls the two fair daughters, and by the emeralds their happy quarter century of married life. The two dates were done in small diamonds within the crescent. Mrs. Patterson, mother of the bride, was quietly gowned in black, with a turban toque of black and white. Mrs. Gooderham of Waverley, grandmother of the groom, wore a splendid silver grey satin brocade in black. Mrs. W. H. Beatty wore a black and white brocade with guimpe of rare black lace over white chiffon, a lovely boa, and a smart little bonnet. Mrs. Tom Patterson was in rose and white mouseline, and her two tiny daughters in white India silk and granny bonnets. Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, Mrs. FitzGibbon, Mr. and Mrs. Lally McCarthy and their fairy daughter, Dr. and Mrs. J. W. F. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Blackstock, Mr. and Mrs. Gooderham of Bedford road, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. Ince, Mr. and Mrs. James Ince, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mrs. Brouse, Mrs. Archie Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Miles and the Misses Miles, Mr. Howard and Miss Gillespie, Miss Ruby Croil, Mr. and Mrs. W. Bright (the lovely bride of last month being the cynosure of all eyes), Miss Aileen Gooderham, Mr. Blackstock, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Hargrave, Mrs. Ruttan, and Mr. and Mrs. E. Chadwick of Lanmar were among the guests. Mr. Harry Gooderham was his brother's groomsman.

A little cut which will have great and pathetic interest for many a Canadian reader is that shown in this column of a pair of skates used by the late lamented Marquis of Dufferin and Ava which the Marchioness has sent out from



Candeboye as a keepsake to Mr. Meagher, the famous Canadian figure skater. A medal given by Lord Dufferin to Mr. Meagher in Paris, where he skated at the famous rink during Lord Dufferin's sojourn as British Ambassador, is also portrayed.

Mrs. Sinclair and Miss Capon have returned from several weeks' visit in New York, and will be at home next Monday afternoon and evening at 70 Earl street. The friends of Mrs. Capon will be glad to hear that she and her little boy are benefiting by their sojourn in Lakewood and are now on Lake Memphremagog for the summer, where Dr. Capon will join them for a short holiday next month.

On Wednesday morning, at Christ Church Cathedral, Ottawa, was celebrated the marriage of Miss Amy Blair, daughter of the Hon. A. G. Blair, Minister of Railways in the Dominion Cabinet, and Rev. F. H. Brewin of Brighton, England. Rev. Henry Kitchin officiated. Miss Audrey Blair was bridesmaid and Mr. G. Brewin, brother of the groom, was best man. The sad bereavement which occurred in the Minister's family last season caused this wedding also to be very quietly celebrated, but nevertheless a large assemblage of the bride's friends was gathered to witness the marriage, some fifty of whom were hidden to the dejeuner at the home of the bride's parents afterwards. Among these were the Premier and Lady Laurier, and the Minister of the Interior and Mrs. Siton, Mr. and Mrs. Brewin came to Toronto on Wednesday night.

Dec. or and Mrs. Price-Brown have returned from Boston, where the doctor attended the annual meeting of the Laryngological Association.

Long before the hour appointed for the ceremony on Wednesday morning, every available seat in St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, was filled and the steps and approaches to the cathedral were also thronged with people who had gathered to see what they could of the wedding of Miss Josephine Clements and Mr. Francis Hill Macnee. The cathedral was beautifully decorated for the occasion with every variety of June flowers, and after the guests had taken possession of the center pews the scene within the church was very gay and festive. Mr. R. R. F. Harvey presided at the organ and played the march from "Lohengrin" and "Swedish Wedding March" while the guests were assembling. The ushers were Mr. Arthur Macnee, Mr. C. Gay Shamon, Mr. Campbell Reaves (Toronto), and Mr. Hallway Waddell. The ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. the Dean of Ontario, assisted by the Rev. George Lathrop Starr. The full surplice choir was in attendance and the choral service added much to the attractiveness of the marriage ceremony. The bride entered the church with her father, Dr. L. Clements, by whom she was given away. It is the correct thing to speak of a bride as beautiful and charming, and one may do so in this instance without diverging from actual facts, for a more attractive bride has seldom stood before the altar at old St. George's, Kingston. "Divinely tall and most divinely fair," she wore her exquisite wedding gown with a Juno-like air. The rich ivory satin was untrammelled save for pearl passementerie and a berthe of handsome duchesse lace. A coronet of orange blossoms fastened the bridal veil over her pretty yellow hair, and a shower bouquet of cream roses and lilies of the valley completed the charming toilette. The maid of honor was Miss Ethel Macnee, sister of the groom, gowned in rose pink French crepe trimmed with deep cream lace and orchid passementerie. Mr. W. C. Kent was groomsman. The reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, King street, when Mr. and Mrs. Francis Macnee stood beneath a canopy of ribbon and smilax in a floral alcove and received the congratulations of their friends. The dejeuner was a bright and jolly affair, toast followed toast, and some of the speeches were very amusing. The bride's going-away gown was string colored canvas over pale violet taffeta, and her stylish hat was also in the same colors. The guests ranged themselves in a double line from the foot of the staircase out to the very door of the bridal carriage, and down this aisle the bride and groom must pass through a shower of rice, but before entering upon the ordeal of rice, the bride paused half way down the staircase and waved her bouquet. Then she threw it squarely into the crowd, and it was caught by Miss Mabel Brownfield. A number of relatives and intimate friends drove to the station and there bade an revoir to the bride and groom, who left for Montreal. The wedding gifts were exceptionally beautiful, including a silver tea service from the groom's friends at the Fourteenth

Club. The guests included Mrs. March, Mrs. Cappon, Miss Alice Macnee, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Macnee, little Miss Rosa and Master Wattie Macnee, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Kent, Miss Amy Rutherford (Toronto), the Misses Hora, Colonel and Mrs. Drury, Miss Gertrude Drury (Montreal), Colonel Montzambert, Captain and Mrs. Norman Stuart Leslie, Major Logan, Major Straubenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Martin, Miss Mabel Gildersleeve, Miss Peirce, Miss Price, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Folger, Mr. and Mrs. D. Stewart Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Strange, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Strange, Mr. and Mrs. Rod-erick Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Almon, Mrs. and Miss Richmond, Mr. and Mrs. Easton Burns, Mr. and Mrs. William Minnes, Mr. and Mrs. James Minnes, Mr. Harvey, Mr. S. C. Calvin, Colonel J. S. Skinner, Miss Skinner, Mr. and Mrs. W. Skinner, Mrs. Garrett, Miss Frances Macaulay, Miss Isabelle Cartwright, Mrs. Arthur S. Evans (India), Mrs. Lewis Herbert May (New York), Mrs. Small, Miss Edith Folger, Miss Dainty Yates, Miss Etta Callaghan, Miss Florence Cunningham, Miss Loraine Lesslie, Miss Brownfield, Miss Swift, Mr. and Mrs. Albrecht, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Calvin, Mr. R. R. Creighton, the Misses Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Nickle, Miss Birmingham, Captain Lafferty.

The marriage of Miss Gwen Grant, youngest daughter of Sir James Grant, and Mr. Harry Cassils of Montreal took place in Ottawa at the bride's home on Wednesday. This was one of the weddings which would have been a huge society affair but for the recent deplored and sudden death of the groom's father. The family circle and relatives witnessed the ceremony, which was performed in the drawing-room by Rev. Dr. Herridge of St. Andrew's. The salon was decorated with fragrant lilies and carnations, and palms and bushes of spiraea were used to mark the space for the bridal party, which included Miss Minota Isbester as bridesmaid, and Mr. B. Sims as groomsman. The bride's gown was of Meteor crepe, with beautiful lace and pearl passementerie. She wore a veil of tulle with orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of lily of the valley. The bridesmaid wore white chiffon over silk, white hat with yellow roses, and carried a sheaf of the same blooms. Mr. and Mrs. Cassils have gone to the Atlantic seacoast for their honeymoon, the bride going away in a dainty silver grey suit with white trimmings and hat to correspond, trimmed with berries and ribbon, all white. His Excellency and Lady Minto presented the bride with a fine pair of silver candlesticks, and the groom gave her a very handsome diamond star. Hundreds of other beautiful gifts were sent from her many friends in various directions.

On Wednesday afternoon at half-past two o'clock the marriage of Miss Ina Gordon Winnett, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Winnett of 198 Beverley street, and Mr. A. Clyde Caldwell of Ottawa was celebrated at the home of the bride's parents. The ceremony took place in the drawing-room (which was most beautifully decorated with the rarest b'ooms) and was witnessed by a large party of relatives Miss Mattie and Miss Ella Winnett, sisters of the bride were her maids, and Mr. James B. Caldwell, brother of the groom, and Mr. Grand E. Hardie, 23rd Bombay Rifles completed the bridal group. Miss Winnett's bridal gown was of ivory satin, with embroideries of seed pearls and applications of Brussels lace. The veil was of tulle hemmed with seed pearls, and the bouquet a shower of lily of the valley and orchids. The bridesmaids were in white mouseline de soie over taffeta and had nosegays and wreaths of forget-me-nots. Rev. Dr. Milligan, assisted by the bride's brother-in-law, Rev. Robert Clements of Cortlandt, N.Y., performed the ceremony. About four o'clock a number of friends arrived for an informal reception and enjoyed the lovely garden which adds so much to the Winnett home. D'Alessandro's harpers played very sweetly during the afternoon and the wedding was the prettiest of June events.

A very jolly visitor to the O. J. C. meet at the end of the week was Sir William Van Horne, who had two days of it and left on Friday night with the contingent special. Before leaving Sir William had a jolly little dinner party at the Queen's, where he was stopping. The guests included Lady Kirkpatrick and Miss Banks, Hon. Justice and Mrs. MacMahon, Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy MacMahon S. Senator Melvin-Jones, and Miss Florence Sprague. Mr. Boardmore of Chulleigh, and Mr. G. Allen Case, Mrs. MacMahon had her third race breakfast on the same day, at which Sir William was the premier guest. At Sir William's dinner the flowers were most beautiful, a center of Dunlop's choicest white roses, lilies of the valley and fragrant white lilies. The ladies were given charming posies of pansies and lilies prettily tied with ribbons, and for the men were lily of the valley boutonnières. The dinner was quite a jolly one. Mrs. Arthur Sprague gave a little dinner for Sir William on Thursday at the Hunt Club.

The death of Mr. John Ryan (son of Mr. Peter Ryan so well and widely known as one of our most eloquent and clever men), occurred at his residence in Parkdale on Wednesday. Mr. Ryan was a successful broker, lately doing business in Buffalo, and was formerly a noted amateur athlete. His death was due to consumption. Two children and his widow (nee Woods of Brockton) survive him.

I cannot resist giving a tip to my musician friends. There is a fortune awaiting the composer who gets out an appropriate and attractive solo to be sung at weddings. The only things now available have been simply worn to death and are either doleful and dragging or perky and jerky. But a sufficiently dignified, heartsome and popular solo there is not—and someone ought to compose it!

The marriage of Miss R. M. Warrington of Belleville and Mr. William Parkin Murray, son of Mr. W. T. Murray of Toronto, took place in St. Michael's Church, Belleville, on Wednesday, Rev. Father Tracey of Toronto being the officiating priest. Many Toronto friends of both parties will wish them every happiness.

Rev. A. J. Broughall and Mrs. Broughall are spending this month in the country. Mr. Jack Roaf of Winnipeg is in town. He is at 104 Bloor street west. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Rowley and Miss Mabel Richardson of Ottawa are in town this week. Mr. George Hart was a welcome visitor at the Races last week.

Mr. Gamon has purchased the nice house in St. George street which has been so hospitably opened to friends of Mr. and Mrs. Rolland Hills during their residence in Toronto, and a move is in order for its present popular host and hostess.

The Hamilton Races have been a good sort this week and a lot of Toronto people have been in attendance. Today, all being well, quite a large party are to go up for the closing day of a week's good sport. Miss Margaret Buck and Mr. W. J. Flury were very quietly married on Thursday of last week. There were no guests and only the family of the groom witnessed the marriage. Mr. and Mrs. Flury are enjoying their honeymoon in the States.

The sympathy of many friends is with Rev. Principal Wallace in the loss of his tenderly cherished wife. Mrs. Wallace died very recently after an illness of some length. Mrs. W. S. Lee and Miss Lee are enjoying their visit in London very greatly and friends who have met them are glad to see them both looking extremely well.

Mrs. FitzGibbon is going to London on journalistic work about the Coronation. About this time many readers are wishing that Kit's assignment to the same work would also be recorded. She is the queen of correspondents in London.

Mrs. Goldwin Smith is giving an At Home at the Grange on Wednesday afternoon, June 18th, from 4 to 7 o'clock.



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pleasant and refreshing feeling in the mouth.
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preparations by such makers as Rimmel, Pinaud,
Colgate, Delleire, etc.

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Social and Personal.

THE end of nine days' racing, gos-
siping, peacocking on the lawn,
criticizing from the boxes, bet-
ting in the East End, and toast-
ing the winner in sparkling
mum at the West End, losing
and winning, flirting and chaffing, was
seen on Saturday, when, with many a
regret, good-byes were said to the
pleasant people who have been our
guests during the "greatest that has
been" of Jockey Club meetings. It is
matters of congratulation that such
guests should so often have voiced
their surprise at the fine attendance
and the always orderly and pleasing
behavior even of the East End crowd.

"We can't get such decent middle class
people to attend our race meets," said
a New Yorker. "I've never seen this
sort of people at races." As to the
members' enclosure, a constant and
eagle-eyed supervision is always over
it, and should any objectionable indi-
vidual be seen, he or she is quickly
missing, and enquiries resulting in a
disaster to the too amiable member re-
sponsible for their presence always
follow. President Hendrie takes honest
pride in the distinction of the To-
ronto race meet in this particular.

On Saturday a record "get-away-
day" crowd, both for numbers and
smartness, was present, and several
pretty little children were to be seen,
the rule being a bit lax on the last day
about their admission. Several "pri-
vate car" parties were rolled comfort-
ably within the carriage enclosure on
a convenient switch. Mrs. Harry Pat-
terson, I hear, had the enterprise to
charter a couple of cars, and her
friends made all haste to take advan-
tage of the chance to get down and
home in comfort. It was always a jol-
ly crowd who came in this way. Mr.
Mackenzie's palatial private car was
also used each day by the friends of
Mrs. Mann, who was a most gracious
hostess. On Saturday a farewell visit
was paid to the races by her guests,
Colonel and Mrs. Turner, of Ottawa,
and their two fine young sons. Mrs.
Mann also took down the Misses and
Messrs. Kingsmill, Mr. Lefurage, Miss
Rutherford, Miss Williams, Mrs. Victor
Cawthra, Miss Meyer, niece of Mr.
Mann, Mrs. Denison, Mr. Monck,
and augmented her party on the
return trip to the limit of the car's
accommodation. Major Stimson had a
bright party on his four-in-hand, who
drove to the Hunt Club for dinner. Mrs.
Gibson, the hostess, having the box-
seat, and Miss Williams, Miss Beatrice
Sullivan and Miss Seymour being some
of the guests. Dinners were many at
the various suburban clubs during the
races, and no hospitality lacked in
every direction. The many beautiful
women and exquisite gowns looked
their best on the mild, bright after-
noon, and Mrs. Osborne of Clover Hill
was "a little princess" among the belles.
She wore a white transparent gown
with lettuce-green embroidered border-
ing and panels, lace-trimmed bodice
and little elbow sleeves, with pointed
falls of lace, and a broad-brimmed,
low-crowned white hat, with green os-
trich plumes softly laid on the brim, in
which she was a lovely woman indeed.
The rival gown, which was worn by
Mrs. W. R. Riddell, was of white, soft
and transparent, delicately embroi-
dered in black, and becoming to per-
fection the pretty lady who wore it.
Either would have been remarked for
distinct charm and chic in the smart-
est assembly.

Miss Labatt of 191 St. George street
went to London on Wednesday to visit
her relatives in her native city.

Mrs. Bob Fleming, who was Mrs.
Lally McCarthy's guest during the
races, returned to Ottawa on Saturday
night. Colonel and Mrs. Turner and
their sons also returned to the Capital
on the same evening. Mrs. and Miss

Keep, Mr. Alexander's guests, returned
to Buffalo early in the week and say
they very much enjoyed their visit to
Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn are
in Wiesbaden, Germany, where Mrs.
Cockburn is being treated by the fa-
mous Dr. Abend in his hospital. I re-
gret to hear that Mrs. Cockburn has
suffered a good deal, and that Dr.
Abend thinks her cure will take some
time. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Cockburn
will go to London this month, as they
intended, but will spend the time in
Wiesbaden.

Mrs. Sweetman has suffered seriously
from the shock of her son's death.
It is hoped the trip to England will re-
store her to her former health. The
Bishop and Mrs. Sweetman are greatly
in the heart and thoughts of their
friends in their bereavement.

The marriage of Rev. Frank Du-
Moulin, son of the Bishop of Niagara,
and Miss Rockwell King of Chicago
takes place in the latter city, at St.
Peter's, on the 18th of this month.

The Argonaut At Home will be this
afternoon's rendezvous for the young
set and those of their elders who take
an interest in our fine young aquatic
heroes.

Mr. and Mrs. Barker's home in Cecil
street was the rendezvous of many
friends on the first two days of this
week, who called to say adieu to the
bright family party now on the ocean
en route to England. Mr. and Miss
Barker, Messrs. Will and Ed, have
best wishes for an exceedingly good time.
Mrs. Barker is to spend the summer at
the Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Creelman and their
family spent their last Sunday in their
home in the Queen's Park this week,
and it is natural to fancy that some of
the regret felt by their many warm
friends at losing them from Toronto
must have also been in their own
hearts at giving up a home so happy,
so beautiful and so hallowed by as
perfect a family life as Toronto has
ever admired. These much-esteemed
people leave a blank in their circle of
intimates on their departure which will
not be filled. For the present Mrs.
Creelman and her daughters are at
Miss Jennings' home, in St. Vincent
street. Mr. Jack Creelman has taken
up his quarters at the Alpha Delt
House, and Mr. Creelman returned to
Montreal on Sunday night. The family
will go abroad next month, and the
two elder daughters will spend some
time in London, on pension, and tak-
ing all opportunities for culture that
the great city affords to such bright
and earnest girls. Mr. and Mrs.
Creelman will be in Montreal for next
winter.

About half a hundred members of
the Ministerial Association and their
wives spent a delightful tea-hour at
the new pavilion on the lake shore on
Monday. The tea was most appetiz-
ing, and the view over the lake with
a glorious sunset was perfect. The
west end pavilion is one of the most
delightful places on these charming
June days, and the ministers and their
ladies had a most pleasant outing.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. McLellan are
rejoicing in the advent, on the 20th
ult., of a fine little boy at their home,
141 Roxborough street east.

Miss Victoria Muldrew of Huron
street has graduated from St. Luke's
Hospital, New York, with highest
honors, receiving three diplomas. Her
friends join in hearty congratulations.

Mr. Frank H. Osborn of Philadelphia
will travel in Toronto during the sum-
mer season. He may be seen at Room
20, 16 King street west, and has set
apart the hour 12 to 1 p.m. for per-
sonal interviews. Mr. Osborn has
just closed a most successful season
in Philadelphia. His pupils' musicles
have been largely attended, and re-
ceived highest commendation from
musicians and critics. His course in
Toronto will embrace all grades of
vocal work, including tone produc-
tion, voice development, and interpre-
tation.

Miss Vankoughnet, Miss Yvonne
Nordheimer, Miss Naomi Morrison,
Mr. R. S. Waidie, Miss L. Waidie, Miss
Jessie Waidie, Mrs. G. H. Wilson, Mrs.
J. K. Macdonald, Mrs. John Macdonald,
Mr. A. N. Macdonald, Miss Mac-
donald, Mrs. V. Wadsworth, Mr.
and Mrs. J. J. MacLennan, Mr.
and Mrs. C. J. Notman, Mr. M. C.
Cameron, Mrs. Jermyn, Miss Jermyn,
Miss Kenny, of Toronto; Rev. S. Daw,
Mr. J. L. Counsell, of Hamilton; Mrs.
C. J. McCullagh, of Montreal; Mrs. David
G. Sullivan, of Buffalo, N.Y., are recently
registered at the Welland, St. Catharines.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Charles Mc-
Guire, of St. Catharines, announce the
engagement of their daughter, Marie
Loretto, to Mr. Henry Halford Adam.

Mrs. J. W. Leonard, whom her To-
ronto friends love to welcome, spent a
part of May here. She was joined by
Mrs. Trenholme and Mrs. D. McNicoll,
of Montreal. Several very pleasant
affairs were given in her honor. She
returned to Winnipeg last week.

Boston, May 28, 1902, Mr. J. M. Jel-
lett, Mr. E. M. Morris and Mr. T. A.
Reed, of Toronto, sailed for England
last week.

Miss Mabel S. Hicks sailed by the
s.s. "Parisian" to-day to spend her
summer vacation in England and the
Continent.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Bowers have
returned from their wedding trip to
their home at 20 Roxborough street
west. Mrs. Bowers received on Fri-
day, and will receive to-day and Fri-
days during the month of June.

On Sunday last special services were
held in St. Giles' Presbyterian Church,
Oak street, the occasion being the for-
mal opening of the new organ recently
installed. The services, which were ex-
ceptionally well attended, were con-
ducted by the pastor, Rev. Robert At-
kinson, in the morning, and in the

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which stimulates growth as no other
preparation can—a complete and pos-
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prietors.
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Parlors: 9 Toronto Street, Toronto.
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the hair and scalp given or mailed free
for the asking. Mention "Saturday
Night."

evening by Rev. A. L. Geggie of Park-
dale, St. Giles' was some four months
ago visited by fire, which did damage
to the extent of some \$1,600, but out of
this tribulation the congregation seems
likely to emerge stronger than ever.

Dr. Oliver Colbeck, for the past year
house surgeon at the Western Hospital,
left on June 3rd for Baltimore, Md.,
where he has been appointed resident
physician to the Mount Airy Sanit-
arium for Children.

The Daughters of the Empire were
invited by their president, Mrs. Nord-
heimer of Glenlyth, to a garden tea
on Tuesday afternoon, a function
which, owing to the showers, was rather
a verandah tea, as the spacious ver-
andahs were crowded with ladies from
five to six o'clock, neither the distance
nor the showers daunted the friends
of the loyal order. An orchestra played
in an arbor amid a grove of flowering
bushes, lilac, seringa, and such like,
for Glenlyth is just now a perfect
paradise of bloom and fragrance. In
marquees set about the lovely lawns
were ice cream and tea-tables, and a
staff of waiters was aided by the
younger girls of the order, some quite
well women, others tall and slim, each
representing some one of Toronto's
prominent families. Mrs. Nordheimer
received on the south verandah, look-
ing very sweet and gracious in a helio-
tropic voile gown, encrusted with flow-
ers of "dentelles noir," and a pretty
little toque to match. The order is
very proud of its president, who seems
to grudge no trouble and thought for
its advancement. Mrs. MacMahon,
Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs.
H. S. Strathy, Mrs. Vankoughnet, Mrs.
Laidlaw, officers of the order, were all
present, and the afternoon was made
more interesting by the recitations given
by Jean Blewett, who is a patriotic
Canadian and a very winning little
woman. The flag (to be presented to-
day to the coronation contingent at
Quebec) floated over the heads of the
ladies on the verandah. It is adorned
with a maple leaf, as well as the hon-
ored "Jack," and for its bestowal the
various heads of "chapters" subscribe
on behalf of the members a trifling
sum, and the total is a considerable
amount. The "chapters," with the
pretty little juniors, which we laugh-
ingly called "paragraphs and verses,"
were all greatly pleased with the flag.
Mrs. Nordheimer and the officers,
forming a party of eight, went down
on Thursday night to Quebec with the
flag. Mr. Mackenzie gallantly loaned
them his private car, and, needless to
state, they appreciate his kindness
very highly. The party will return to-
morrow from the East. A few of the
ladies who wished a good time to the
flag and its bearers in England were
Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mrs. Timmer-
man, Mrs. Edward Leigh, Mrs. S. G.
Wood, Mrs. Cawthra, Mrs. J. I. David-
son, Mrs. Arthurs, Mrs. FitzGibbon.

Wheat Marrow Makes Real Strength!

Eat that new Cereal Food,
Wheat Marrow, for breakfast (serve what's left cold for supper)
and gain new vim, vigor—more courage, health, strength.

It builds you up.
Delicious served with
sugar and cream. Scien-
tifically prepared from
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tions of the choicest
Winter Wheat.

Best Grocers sell it.

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give perfect support to the back—throw the
bust well forward—give that long graceful
line from shoulder to bust, that symmetrical
incurve at base of the spine, and the most
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Produces with milk a smooth, firm Junket.
Flavored with fruit essence or served with
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ANDREW JEFFREY
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Arthur Sprague, Miss Sprague, Miss
Gladys Nordheimer (who received
many good birthday wishes), Mrs. Sa-
cord, Mrs. and Miss Elmsley, Mrs.
Johnston, and many others.

"Dr. Breakum advised me to go to a
warmer climate." "He sends most of
his patients there."—Detroit "Free
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equipment. Hair-Dressing Parlors and the
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Races should be well
groomed as well as
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treatment that will
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CHAPTER XVI.
Escaped.

Mr. Wantage, afraid to go out and face his patron after what had happened, was standing in the open doorway of Winifred Gray's dressing-room, talking excitedly to Mrs. Purdy. At sight of Macaire advancing upon him he flushed darkly, then grew pale.

"This is a mystery, Mr. Macaire," he exclaimed, with a shaking voice. "Miss Gray has disappeared. A most obstinate girl. I know that she objected to go through the scene in the only suitable way, and Jeffrey knew it. But we

"Be kind enough to state exactly what occurred after Miss Gray fainted," Macaire broke in, addressing the woman, without a glance at Wantage. "She was then brought into this room, was she not, and placed in your charge?"

"Yes, sir, she was, sir," returned the dresser, staring at the hideous face of the man with undisguised astonishment, even repulsion. She did not know that, though so villainously ugly to look upon, he was worth many times his weight in solid gold. Macaire was not so uncommon a name that she should associate him with millionaire Lionel of that ilk, even if she heard him addressed by Wantage or Jeffrey, and it did not occur to her that he was to be fawned upon. "Ugly beast! I wonder what the dickens he means by poking his nose into it?" she was probably asking herself. "Who's he, anyhow?"

"And, aloud, she enquired: 'Are you Miss Gray's father or—or anything, sir?'"

"I am a friend of her family. And I am, unfortunately, financially interested in this company," the great man condescended to explain. "It is not pleasant hearing that the star has run away on the first night."

"She can't have run far," cut in Jeffrey. "This woman here will tell you that."

Lionel Macaire looked at Mrs. Purdy, and she accepted the look as her cue to speak. "I managed to get the young lady into the things she was to ride the horse in, sir, when she was fainting. And a rare job it was, too."

"What happened then?" questioned Macaire.

"Why, this gentleman, the stage-manager, sir, he kept comin' to the door and worritin' me, till I thought I should have gone off my head. But, finally, I did have the young lady ready, and at the last moment, as I was tellin' him, she popped open those great eyes of hers. She'd been wild about the fleshin' before, sir, sayin' nothin' on earth would induce 'er to put 'em on. But she seemed wonderful calmed down like, after her faintin' spell, and, says she—let me see, what was it she says first?—oh! 'If you've got a drop of spirit handy I think I could go on all right and do the scene. Those were her very words.'"

"And then?"

"Well, and then, sir, I gave her the spirit. There's the very bottle on the 'make-up' table. 'Twas my own; I'd brought it on purpose, thinkin' it might be needed—which it was. When my daughter faints away, sir, which she does sometimes, without no warnin' at all—"

"Never mind about your daughter at present," interrupted Macaire, his curious, pale eyes fixed keenly on the woman's commonplace little face. "You gave Miss Gray the spirit, and—"

"And up she jumped, most as soon as 'twas down. 'I believe I've been silly,' she says to me. 'I don't like this, but I've got to do it.' You see, I'd been tellin' her how she'd be sued for breach of contract, and if she'd no money, she'd be put in prison, maybe—"

"When did you tell her that?" quickly broke in the millionaire.

The old woman looked somewhat nonplussed for an instant, but then appeared suddenly to recollect. "Oh, that must have been before she went off in the faint. You see, I was helpin' her early in the evenin'. And then, anyhow, the young lady seemed all right and as sensible as could be. I was goin' out of the room with her, but she wouldn't have it. She was quite strong enough to go alone, she says, and I'd better stop where I was and pick up the nice new costume which I'd pitched on the floor piece by piece as I dragged it off of her. So thinkin' no harm, and havin' had no instructions what to do after I'd got the lady ready, I let her go. I think no more about it till a minute or two later along comes Mr. Jeffrey again, askin' 'Where's Miss Gray?'"

"You haven't told me yet why you are all so sure she's in the theater," said Macaire.

Mrs. Purdy pointed to the walls of the dressing-room. "There hangs her clothes, sir," she announced. "There was some talk of takin' 'em away, when she was so obstinate, but that was before she fainted. There they hangs, and as these are modern times, and Miss Gray ain't the Lady Godiva the poetry's about, it stands to reason she can't have got far."

"I've sent for the door-keeper, who swears that he hasn't left his post to-night, and that Miss Gray didn't go by," added Jeffrey. "Yet the theater's been searched from below the stage up to the flies. The girl's nowhere. She's vanished into air."

Winifred Gray had disappeared as mysteriously as the bride in the ballad of "The Mistletoe Bough." No trace of her could be found at the theater or elsewhere, either on the night when mystery had swallowed her up or during the days to come.

Macaire had neither expected nor greatly desired the play produced with his money to be a success; but, strangely enough, the very event which caused his keen discomfiture created an artificial vogue for the revival of "Mazeppa."

The scenery was magnificent if the company (save for the vanished star) was poor. Most of the best people had been engaged when Mr. Wantage had

first begun his quest for actors, and he had been given to understand that if Miss Gray were secured the rest of the cast mattered little to the backer; therefore he had been easily suited for most of the parts. But scenery alone and the disproportionately large amount of pictorial advertising which had been done could not have saved "Mazeppa" from failure. The length of its continuance on the boards would have depended upon the sum of money Mr. Macaire was willing to throw away. But the sudden disappearance of the star gave a fillip which perhaps nothing else could have given.

A story had been circulated that the well-known millionaire had been induced to "back" the production because of his infatuation for the Miss Gray who had lately been discharged from the Duke of Clarence's Theater for extraordinary and mysterious reasons. People, even in London, talked a good deal about it, and harsh things were said of Winifred, who was represented as a bold young woman trading upon her charms to handle Lionel Macaire's money, and her brazen front of impudence was proved without shadow of doubt by the startling posters she had allowed to be exhibited, representing herself as Mazeppa bound to the horse. She would certainly not have undertaken to play the part and dress it as it had once been dressed by the actress who had made the play famous. It was argued, had she really been the simple, modest girl she had hypocritically tried to appear during her brief months of popularity at the Duke of Clarence's.

Then, on the top of this gossip which associated her name with the name of a man notoriously connected with other scandals, more or less of the same sort (though he was not too notorious to be a target for match-making mothers), came the actress's disappearance.

Among all the things which had been said about her, no one had dreamt of starting the theory that she had been deceived as to the part of Mazeppa and its requirements. She was an actress, and actresses went through life with their eyes open. And the old story of the thwarted elopement which had, in some inexplicable way, cost the girl her position in Mr. Anderson's company, was revived. It had been freely said before that the man in the case had been Lionel Macaire himself, and though he posed as a bachelor, there had been many rumors that he had a wife from whom he was separated. But now it was thought that the scandal had been connected with a married man well known in London society, and that the plan which had failed before had been successfully brought off in Brighton. Miss Gray was supposed to have thrown up her engagement and left her manager in the lurch, to run away with a man, differently identified by almost every person who helped to keep the tale in circulation. All agreed in one particular alone. The man had a lovely wife, who was heartbroken at her husband's treachery, and by and by, a divorce case would come on which would make a tremendous sensation in the "highest circles."

Brighton people flocked to the new Theatopian Theater, where Miss Gray's understudy, a pretty girl with a good figure and no absurd scruples of squeamishness, made the most of her "great chance." Others even ran down from town to the seaside, ostensibly because "Brighton was so jolly in November, you know," but really to see for themselves the scene in which they might have been shocked at Winifred Gray's boldness, if she had not run off the first night of the piece with Lord So-and-so.

As if the fates were tireless in agitating the "boom" which had saved "Mazeppa" for the benefit of its needy manager and his company of actors, Brighton was favored with another sensation on the very morning after the girl's disappearance.

The startling posters which had been put up only on the afternoon of the first performance were all either torn down from their hoardings or destroyed beyond recognition, the name of Winifred Gray being stripped away from underneath the picture in every case.

Other posters of the same design were ordered and put up to replace the damaged ones after a day or two's delay (for Lionel Macaire still had it in his power to take this mean revenge); but on the following morning they were seen to have gone the way of their predecessors, even though a reward had been advertised for the detection of the guilty person.

Meanwhile Lionel Macaire remained in Brighton, having sent for a detec-

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Speaking of Postum Food Coffee, a lady in Toledo, O., says: "For over five years now I have used Postum Coffee entirely in place of the ordinary coffee or tea."

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"The most severe test I know of was when my husband was down with gastric typhoid fever. His stomach would retain nothing; we tried milk and various other drinks. Everything we put into his stomach would come up in less than three minutes. After the third day of this kind of work I concluded to give him some Postum Coffee. He drank it and relished it and retained it, and for four weeks he lived on Postum and nothing else to speak of. You can depend upon it that Postum gained some good friends, for Husband would have died if I had not been for the nourishment afforded by Postum Coffee." Name given by Postum Coffee Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

tive from a certain well-known private agency, not to be on the watch, save incidentally, for the destroyer of the posters, but to take up the scent from the start and track down Winifred Gray.

He did not move openly in the matter, Wantage, as business manager of the company, acting for him. But even if the interest which he took in finding the girl leaked out, it could not damage his reputation. He it was who had given the first kick to the football of scandal which at the time of the Duke of Clarence's Theater incident had linked their two names together. Now he was to be pitted, both as the financial backer of a company treacherously deserted by its principal member and as a lover deceived by her upon whom he had heaped benefits.

The detective was certain that by some method, which it was his duty to discover, the girl had contrived to get away not only from the theater but from Brighton. Every day else he believed this, of course; but then only two or three persons knew the real reason why it would have been especially difficult for the actress to escape. Only Wantage, Jeffrey, Mrs. Purdy, Lionel Macaire, and now the detective, were aware that Winifred had been prepared for the "great scene" while fainting, and that, so far as could be ascertained, she had had no possible opportunity or even time for changing.

In spite of this fact, however, the man from Sleight's agency persisted in his theory. The girl must have hidden herself somewhere in the theater for hours, and then received assistance from outside. Once away, she would naturally have taken steps to leave Brighton as soon as possible. Her brother, who had just returned to London, was shadowed, but in vain. It was discovered that Mrs. Gray was ill in a nursing-home in Welbeck street, and that she had within the last few days suffered a relapse; but nothing could be learnt there about her daughter.

Lionel Macaire, however, could not be brought to share the detective's theory. He was utterly without religion, yet he was a superstitious mind. He believed in the warning power of dreams, or curious coincidences which had sometimes ruled his conduct on the Stock Exchange or in racing. He had a conviction that Winifred Gray was not far from him; and while it kept its grasp upon him he wished to linger in Brighton.

So a week passed on, and still "Mazeppa" flourished at the Theatopian Theater, and still the detective had been able to learn nothing of importance about Winifred.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Masked Minstrels.

On the eighth day after Winifred's disappearance Lionel Macaire went out late in the afternoon from the Hotel Metropole, where he was staying, and walked slowly along the King's road. He was thinking of Winifred, as he almost always was now, not sure whether he most loved or hated her; and with thoughts of the girl came up memories of his strange past. Before the eyes of his mind rose the image of a woman far more beautiful than Winifred, of whom the girl reminded him in some of her moods. If that chapter of his life could have ended differently, perhaps, he would have been a different man.

"F. E. Z." Though the woman's fair face was only a memory—distant though never dim—and her place in what he called his heart had been usurped by a girl thirty years younger than she—those initials had the power to call up a thrill even now, half delicious, half painful. Oddly enough, just as he hated and loved Winifred Gray at the same time, so he had loved and hated that other woman. Since he could not have her, he would kill her if he could; if she had had a son he believed that it would have given him a subtle pleasure to be revenged for the past, through him.

Suddenly he remembered the dark young man who had called at the Duke of Clarence's Theater, with an introduction to George Anderson from F. E. Z.

It had been in Macaire's thoughts at the time that the good-looking young fellow in the odd clothes might have made to do what a mere friend of the beautiful woman whom so many had adored. When F. E. Z. had vanished from the world where she had scintillated as a bright, particular star—vanished as mysteriously as Winifred Gray—she had been older than Winifred was now; twenty-three or twenty-four perhaps.

That was now twenty-seven or twenty-eight years ago. He had been a young man then, poor and obscure, though he had already secretly sown the seeds of his great future. Now he was rich almost beyond his own knowledge, and he was fifty-eight years old, past middle age, though his heart was not as it had been in his youth.

The man whom he had seen at the theater, in the very act of doing personal injury to an ex-poyee of his, could not have been more than six or seven and twenty; therefore his relationship with F. E. Z. could hardly have been that of a lover, unless she had by some magical power carried the charms of her youth through the chill shadows of middle age. Macaire's marred eyes had studied the clear-cut face for traces of a likeness. He had not seen what he sought; still, the fancy had lurked in his mind that the man for whose sake F. E. Z. had spoken after all these years might have been near and dear to her through ties of blood.

He had not wished Anderson to do anything for the fellow. There had been a grim joy in thwarting a request of the woman he had loved and lost, feeling that through time and distance he could stand in the way of her desire. But he had not meant to lose sight of the young man, and he had regarded it as not impossible that he might patronize him in the future. Only, whatever was done he intended should be done by himself and in his own way.

Anderson had unintentionally thwarted his last design by forgetting to enquire the address of Hope Newcome (an assumed name, no doubt); and in the quickly following events, which concerned Winifred Gray, Macaire had neglected to follow up a clue that might once have been easily obtained.

Rather curiously, he cherished no personal grudge against Hope Newcome for the flight with the man on the box-seat of Winifred's cab outside the

stage-door on a certain night full of excitement. If a fool made a mess of his work he deserved to be ignored by his employer and punished by a stranger. Lionel Macaire had no use for fools, and was merciless to those who failed. But, maimed and physically handicapped himself in almost every way, he secretly adored and respected strength and courage above all other attributes of men.

He was jealous of them, too, because of rather than in spite of his admiration, and nothing on earth afforded him more subtle amusement than to make servants of strong men—great giants who could have crushed him with a blow of their fists, yet were forced to become the slaves of his money and the position which that money had won for him.

He did not hate Hope Newcome for thwarting him; but if all his soul had not been absorbed in the pursuit of Winifred he would have desired to have the young man as a pawn on his chess-board, to be used, taken up, and thrown down as whim or occasion suggested.

Macaire regretted to-day, as he thought of F. E. Z., and the man she had sent to her old friend, that he had allowed the latter to slip out of sight. Not that it mattered much. Still, the feeling in his mind was like the annoyance of having carelessly let the reins drop when they should have been firmly held.

As he walked on, noticed and recognized by many of the passers-by, the sound of music came to his ears. A woman was singing to the accompaniment of a banjo, cleverly played.

Macaire lifted his head and saw a couple of masked minstrels; a girl poorly dressed, with long, curly red hair falling from under her hat over her shoulders, her face completely concealed by a mask; a tall man, with his face also hidden, and in his hands a banjo.

The couple played and sang better than the majority of seaside "buskers," and their masks gave them a certain pliancy; yet Macaire threw them but one glance, and pushed his way on through the small crowd which had collected for the music. He had not far, however, when a sudden cry of fear or pain in a woman's voice caused him to turn his head.

The group surrounding the masked minstrels had been partly made up of several swaggering young cockneys from the lower middle class, who had probably come to Brighton for a Saturday to Monday "lark" on their bicycles. One of their number, perhaps dared by his fellows, was in the act of attempting to pull off the red-haired singer's mask as Macaire turned, and it was her protest he had heard.

What he stopped to see was the neat way in which her companion, despite the hampering banjo, sent the aggressor sprawling.

"Well done!" Macaire said to himself, hoping for more fun, as he dearly loved a fight, and was an enthusiastic patron of the ring.

He was not to be cheated of the desired sport, for the other members of the fallen man's party rallied round him thirsting for revenge. Luckily for the millionaire's amusement, not a policeman was in sight. The various nursemaids and their little charges who had been listening to the music scattered like frightened rabbits, and the town men seemed likely to have it all their own way for a moment or two with the masked minstrels.

Macaire stood at a distance faintly grinning, a twinkle in his pale eyes. "That fellow's got his work cut out for him," he thought. "I hope to goodness no one will interfere."

Some of the man's intimates who knew that he had once had a bearing on the death in one of the collars under his town house; that men had pommelled each other's bodies and faces into a blood-stained jelly in the same place to win an enormous purse and afford secret midnight amusement to a few choice spirits—these intimates of his would have understood the expression on his face now and the ugly glint in his yellow eyes.

He was near enough to hear the masked man say to his companion: "Run, as fast as you can go!" He saw the girl turn and try to obey, and he saw the spring that one of the cads made to do what his prostrate chum had failed in doing—tear off her mask.

Up went the girl's hands to defend herself; but the defence was not needed. A smashing blow with the banjo, which brought the taut parchment down on the cockney's head and crushed his hat over a red, astonished face, finished him as a combatant. He retired with a bleeding nose to assist his fallen comrade, while the three others, still in fighting trim, attacked the minstrel, who now stood in front of the red-haired girl.

Two of the men seemed to have some technical knowledge of boxing, as Macaire's trained eye was quick to note, and the third, while his friends used their fists, raised a stick over the tall minstrel's head to avenge the late attack with the banjo.

But the masked man was not to be taken unawares. Keeping off the two boxers, who were sparring up to him, he sprang suddenly to one side, caught the thick stick which threatened him, broke it in two pieces as if it had been a reed, threw it in the owner's face, and turned his attention again to the principal attack, all without allowing the boxing contingent a chance worth having.

"By Jove, what a fellow!" thought Macaire. "Wonder what he plays the banjo for when he might be coinng money with his fists? I'd like to match him against Joey the Kid."

At this instant a big policeman, informed of what was going on by one of the fleeing nurse-maids, appeared upon the scene.

The man who had gone down first was up now, and, seeing the policeman, gave the alarm to his companions.

Before the policeman could get near them they had turned tail and darted away round the first corner and out of sight, the masked minstrel not deigning to follow. He stood his ground, merely stooping to pick up the broken banjo, which he had flung aside for the fight, after smashing the frame too severely for the instrument still to be practicable as a weapon.

If Macaire had had eyes for anyone so insignificant he might have seen that in the midst of the scene, somehow the little masked, red-haired girl had contrived to slip away. But he was watching the

man, and approaching slowly that he might, if necessary, win the young athlete's gratitude by bearing witness in his defence.

(To be continued.)

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Curious Bits of News.

Now that the King has quite a staff of motor-cars it has become necessary to create a new household appointment, and the other day Mr. Graham White, well known in the motoring world, was offered the honorable post of "Master of the King's Motor-cars." The post carries with it the distinction of driving the King and the supervision of the royal motoring arrangements.

Fifty telephone stations distributed through the San Gabriel forest reserve in California will be used this summer for the special purpose of giving timely warning in case a fire breaks out anywhere in the woods. Twenty-five rangers will patrol the forest, and, being armed with portable telephones, will be able, in an emergency, to cut in on the nearest wire without losing the time needed to reach a station.

Italy is not the only country that can boast of its buried towns and villages, says the "People's Friend." In Scotland there are the Culbin Sands, covering a large tract of country, under which many dwellings lie entombed; while in Ireland there is the ancient town of Bann, situated in a once fertile tract between Wexford and Waterford, as effectually covered with sand as ever Pompeii was with red-hot cinders or Herculaneum with lava.

Manufacturers of artists' colors now often use mummies in making their colors, and it is almost certain that a small percentage of some ancient Egyptian rulers went to compose some of the colors used by various R.A.'s in painting their portraits for this year's Academy, says the "Tatler." Mummies were usually preserved in bitumen or the best pitch, and this blended with the bone of the mummy gives a peculiarly beautiful tint, especially in brown or dark blue.

This has so far been a year of disasters. Well-nigh 100,000 souls have been swept into eternity since the beginning of the present year by a remarkable series of disasters, according to the Chicago "Tribune," which keeps a record of such things. The list given by the "Tribune" includes only those disasters occurring before May 20. Before its issue of that day was twelve hours old a waterspout devastated the suburbs of Covington, Ky., claiming six victims. Since then two mining disasters have claimed 200 more.

A custom house decision on fleas has been rendered in Switzerland. A pack-

age marked "Trained Fleas" reached Geneva. The nearest analogy the collector could find was that of June bugs, which had been ruled to be "edibles." The case went from one official to another, till it reached headquarters, at Bern, whence, after much investigation and deliberation, the conclusion was reached that the fleas came under the head of "wild animals in a menagerie."

One of the difficulties hitherto encountered by explorers among the gigantic monuments of ancient Egypt is the lack of sufficient light in the buried chambers and long passages of pyramids, tombs and temples. Recently this difficulty in the exploration of the great temple of Khamak has been largely overcome by Professor Maspero through the introduction of electric lamps. The pyramids also are to be lighted with electricity, their mysterious chambers and passages penetrating the interior of the vast structures will be more easily traversed, and interesting discoveries may result.

Newfoundland dogs, bought by the Life-Saving Service of the Seine to assist in rescuing work, have aroused no end of comment in Paris. The canine savers came near to becoming a political issue. Ridicule and abuse were heaped upon them. They were said to be expensive, stupid, inefficient. At last a newspaper man devised and executed a test. Taking a number of his associates as witnesses, he drove to one of the bridges and leaped into the stream. The dogs showed no interest in the proceeding. The keepers could not make the Newfoundlands plunge into the river. A man with a boat-hook rescued the journalist. Parisian hits are inclined to excupiate the dogs, who, they suggest, evidently take the view that there ought to be no interference with any act which promised to reduce the number of Parisian journalists.

Telephone Etiquette.

Just and authoritative rules are needed that will fit the caller and the called. Says "Electrician" Mr. Smith, a busy man of business, summons his office boy, and says, "Please get Mr. Jones on the wire." The boy does as directed. It happens that neither man has attained the luxury of a desk set. Accordingly, when Jones is informed by his boy that Mr. Smith wants to talk to him over the telephone he lays aside what he is doing and walks to the instrument. There he hears the familiar "Hold the wire a minute, please," and waits patiently, or per-

haps impatiently, until Smith is notified that Mr. Jones is "on the wire," and goes to the telephone in his turn. Jones has wasted some minutes of his valuable time. Smith, on the other hand, has lost no time. He could have saved Jones the waiting by directing his boy to call up Jones' office and ascertain if he were in. Receiving an affirmative answer, he could then have stepped to the telephone and called for Jones, waiting himself until Jones responded. But in that case Smith would have waited, and Smith doesn't care to stand around any more than Jones does. Little vexations, like great problems, depend so much on the point of view. What we need is a system of rules that shall be equally respected by Smith and Jones, whether either be the seeker or the sought.

Cycling Revival.

There is a Splendid Demand For Real Good Bicycles.

For pleasure and healthful benefits there is no exercise that can surpass bicycling. It is a bracing, broadening pastime, and no other modern invention has done so much to widen the horizon of the dweller in town, city and country.

A few years ago there was such a demand for bicycles that the factories could not supply the demand. Wheels were built by all kinds of people at all kinds of cost. Many were induced to buy cheap wheels with the poorest kind of material and construction. These wheels gave little pleasure to the rider, for they were continually breaking down. As a consequence, thousands of riders soon gave up the pastime which caused them annoyance and discomfort.

A revival of cycling has come, and this year there is a strong demand for good bicycles fitted with the best equipment, including Dunlop tires. The good names before the cycling public to-day mark the "survival of the fittest," and everybody insists on the right kind of tire.

With a mount on which one is confident and undisturbed there comes that mental poise and physical ease from which real benefit is derived.

The "Hen Deceiver."

A friend of mine, says "Pick-Me-Up," has invented what he calls a "hen deceiver," for the purpose of promoting industry amongst the ladies of the farmyard. The apparatus is simple, and consists of a box for a nest, with a trapdoor for the bottom, so that when the hen lays an egg it drops through into a receiver underneath.

It's the duty of every housekeeper to provide the family with good Tea. Ludella Ceylon is the Tea you should have. ❀ ❀ ❀

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Perfection in foot-wear for warm weather. Our fine Oxfords give com-

fort as well as adorn the stylish girl's prettiest foot, and give ease to the comfort-loving woman's widest.

Three specials:

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Ladies' Patent Oxford heavy extension soles, yellow or black rope stitch, "American," sizes 1½ to 7, widths B, C, D. SPECIAL \$2.50

"Gipsy Ox," extra fine Vic kid, white kid lined, low square heel, made for cold comfort. SPECIAL. Sizes 4 to 8, E½ width. \$2.25

The St. Leger Shoe Co.

FOUR STORES—110 and 210 YONGE STREET, 92 and 482 QUEEN WEST.

the door closing automatically. When the hen gets up to look for the egg—it has gone, and she thinks she has made a mistake, and lays another. A hen has been known in this way to lay fifteen eggs at a sitting.

Greene—They tell me you send a good many things to the magazines, as

well as to the daily papers. Come now, is there any money in literature? Browner—If there isn't it is no fault of mine. I never took any out of it.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 2c.

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DISLOYALTY, nigardness and individual self-interest have been mentioned as the motives which actuate the directorate of the Toronto Baseball Company with respect to their not displaying a Canadian flag on their grand stand. "Saturday Night" would be sorry to think the management disloyal, although the patrons of the game thought that at least on Victoria Day, and on Monday, when flags were raised everywhere in celebration of peace, an effort might have been made to fly some bunting. The very noticeable omission surely cannot be attributed to nigardness, for, if reports are true, since the season commenced the receipts have been enormous, and if the secretary-treasurer had his way he would personally soon see that a sufficiency was expended to purchase the piece of bunting. Perhaps it is individual self-interest. Surely a United Stateser, even if he is a professional baseball player, would not allow the flying of our Canadian flag over the grand stand to so work on his feelings that he would refuse to give his custom to the president for a suit of clothes or to the vice for a hat. Probably the real solution is that as there are several four figures staring the directorate in the face, they fear to expend a paltry fifty dollars to do the right thing. "Penny wise, pound foolish."

It is much to be regretted that already so early in the season the obscene language used on the field by visiting teams has caused ladies to leave the grand stand. If the game cannot be played without loud, foul-mouthed players expressing themselves in language not fit for decent ears, the sooner it is stopped the better. We must give Mr. Barrow, who is a gentleman, and his team also, every credit for their conduct. It is visiting teams who are the offenders.

The Toronto team are playing good ball, thanks to a non-playing manager, who knows his business, and it is to be hoped that the report that a former player, who has not made good in another league for reasons said to be not creditable to himself, is to be brought back, is not correct. It would be unwise to introduce a disturbing element.

The Toronto lacrosse players were given a fitting welcome home on their return from their English tour. Their visit to the Old Country should do something towards popularizing lacrosse there, but it is not to be supposed that Canada's national game stands any chance to oust cricket from its time-honored position with Britons. The "Canadian Gazette" (London), commenting editorially on the unbroken series of victories of the visiting lacrosse players, remarks: "The tour is evidence enough that, despite its many attractions, lacrosse has gained no substantial hold in this country; certainly it has not moved one inch towards the displacement of cricket as the paramount summer game. Lest this long series of victories should prove too much for Canadian modesty, it is well to recall the fact that a representative English cricket team would probably enjoy an almost equal succession of triumphs in Canada. Each country plays its own game best."

Lou Scholes' defeat of C. S. Titus at the Harlem River regatta for the single scull championship has added one more feather to the cap of Toronto's most promising oars-



Mr. Louis Scholes.

man. Titus will be the representative of the Union Boat Club in the forthcoming contest for the Diamond Sculls at Henley, and the young Torontonian, who has already beaten him and who sails for England in the same steamer with the Argonauts, should, therefore, have no difficulty in attending to the Yankee end of the competition for the coveted trophy, even should he not succeed in landing the prize. The Scholes family have won an enviable place in athletic records, and Toronto looks for big things from the junior representative of the trio.

The eight who will go to Henley as representatives of the Argonauts are Wright (stroke), Mackenzie, Duggan, Hamber, Mason, Parmer, Kent and Hardisty (bow).

Bastedo will be coxswain. Doherty and Strange will go along as spare men. The average weight of the eight is 175 and the average age 25. The crew will sail from New York on the "Germanic" on the 10th inst. The performance of the eight in rowing a trial of a mile and a half in dead water in 7 minutes 30 seconds, which was accomplished Monday morning, seems to afford good foundation for the feeling that no crew ever went to Henley with better chances of success.

This year's meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club is said to have been financially the most successful in the history of the Woodbine track. The attendance was much above the average, and the racing was never better. The day has passed when the O. J. C. meetings were merely local affairs. Visitors now attend the races not only from all parts of Ontario, but from far across the border.

Even the realm of sports is not to be left to down-trodden man. The advent of the Boston Bloomer Girls this week showed that women can play baseball with the best amateurs the male section of the community can muster. And now it is announced that Toronto is to be entertained this summer with a six days' ladies' bicycle race, for a purse of \$500 and the championship. The track will be a saucer-shaped one and will be banked at an angle of 47 degrees and measure sixteen laps to the mile. Several entries have already been received, amongst them those of the Swedish, German and English champions, and several long distance riders from the United States.

The annual Dominion meet of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association will be held at the Island track on June 30th and July 1st, and arrangements are now under way for a lengthy and attractive card of races.

To Stephen Phillips.

(After reading "Ulysses.")

Thou hast beheld the subtle beckoning foam
Round siren forelands, and hast bent the ear
To fateful music of the sea-caves drear
Where arch-enchantment hath its feudal home.
And thou caduceus-led hast dared to roam
Far from the glimpses of the sunlit sphere—
Ay, thou hast mingled with the shades austere
Of mortal frames long crumbled in the loam!

Or, if thou hast not seen and heard these things,
Then must it be, on some Aegean shore,
Great Homer's best-loved acolyte wast thou;
And, while he sang, and touched the trembling strings,
Didst guide his steps from charmed door to door,
And make thine own the song that binds us now!

—Edith M. Thomas in "Critic."

Mark Twain's Opinion of General Funston.

GENERAL FUNSTON is considered an expert in matters military; Mark Twain, an expert in matters humorous. The General professes to consider his capture of Aguinaldo a good joke, the humorist fails to see it in that light. Before the General was silenced by the President, he related to approving audiences the various ruses employed in the capture. All save one of these are accepted by Mr. Clemens as sanctioned by the usages of war. That one was the request made upon Aguinaldo for food, and the subsequent attack on him. Says Mr. Clemens, in the "North American Review":

"Some of the customs of war are not pleasant to the civilian; but ages upon ages of training have reconciled us to them as being justifiable, and we accept them and make no demur, even when they give us an extra twinge. Every detail of Funston's scheme—but one—has been employed in war in the past and stands acquitted of blame by history. By the custom of war, it is permissible, in the interest of an enterprise like the one under consideration, for a brigadier-general (if he be of the sort that can so choose) to persuade or bribe a courier to betray his trust; to remove the badges of his honorable rank and disguise himself; to lie, to practice treachery, to forge; to associate with himself persons properly fitted by training and instinct for the work; to accept of courteous welcome, and assassinate the welcome while their hands are still warm from the friendly handshake."

"By the custom of war, all these things are innocent, none of them is blameworthy, all of them are justifiable; none of them is new, all of them have been done before, although not by a brigadier-general. But there is one detail which is new, absolutely new. It has never been resorted to before in any age of the world, in any country, among any people, savage or civilized. It was the one meant by Aguinaldo when he said that 'by no other means' would he have been taken alive. When a man is exhausted by hunger to the point where he is 'too weak to move,' he has a right to make supplication to his enemy to save his failing life; but if he take so much as one taste of that food—which is holy, by the precept of all ages and all nations—he is barred from lifting his hand against that enemy from that time."

"It was left to a brigadier-general of volunteers in the American army to put shame upon a custom which even the degraded Spanish friars had respected. We promoted him for it!"

"Our unsuspecting President was in the act of taking his murderer by the hand when the man shot him down. The amazed world dwelt upon that damning fact, brooded over it, discussed it, blushed for it, said it put a blot and a shame upon our race. Yet, bad as he was, he had not—dying of starvation—begged food of the President to strengthen his failing forces for his treacherous work; he did not proceed against the life of a benefactor who had just saved his own."

The End of the War.

WHEN the bells and whistles set up their unmelodious din on Sunday afternoon there were two young hearts in Toronto that beat with especial gladness. The war in South Africa ended, at which all the world rejoiced, but for these two a petty but none the less important warfare, stirred up by Cupid with his mediaeval arrows, was brought to a close. The little romance has been no secret, but it now sees the light of print for the first time.

HE was a young United Stateser who came here fresh from college to look after some of his father's Canadian interests. He was a great stickler for democratic institutions, and in the early days of the war took up wordy cudgels for the African republics. They called him a pro-Boer, and had he not been a "decent fellow" in other respects he might have been subjected to indignity on more than one occasion.

SHE was a high-spirited Toronto girl. Her parents were good old English stock, who had brought her up in the fear of the Lord and in reverence for the Crown of England. When the first blood was shed on the veldt she flushed with anger, made a few uncomplimentary remarks about "the rebels," and gave other evidences of her loyal spirit.

SHE and HE were engaged. Like all engaged people, they indulged in tiffs, but no one paid any more attention than such tiffs merit. Their friends said they were deeply devoted to each other, and they said what was true.

One evening along in the autumn of 1899 a real storm broke. It had been a day of sharp edges—the kind that ruffles the temper. So when he began ranting with more lack of reason than usual about "the overbearing mine-owners who wanted to exterminate two republics merely to serve their own purposes" she became angry and made caustic retorts. He persisted, half in banter, half in conviction. Finally she left the room. A moment later her

face, flushed to a crimson, appeared between the curtains of the drawing-room entrance and a voice quivering with suppressed anger said:

"You will find your ring on the card-case."

For a day or two he went about half-dazed. He wrote an apologetic note only to have it returned unopened. He scolded himself in round terms for having acted "like an ass," and once, becoming sorry for himself, he indulged in a few palliating meditations on the intractability of woman-kind. Well-meaning friends, learning the situation, bore a pleading olive branch to mademoiselle.

"You may tell him," said she after several interviews, "that he may come when his friends (scornfully) the Boers give in."

When he heard this he was joyful because, although a pro-Boer, he did not bank much on the Boers' hanging-on abilities. But the Boers did hang on, and the days began to drag, for Cupid's arrows had been tipped with the real virus this time. Once again he sent a tentative message but it was not entertained. In desperation he prepared to seek a long leave of absence and tried to enlist with one of the military contingents, reasoning that if he had to wait for reconciliation until the war was over the best thing he could do was to help bring it to an end. But the medical men rejected him because he had once spent six weeks in bed with a football knee.

Months passed and rumors of peace grew rife. He had settled himself down, determined to grin and bear it to the bitter end. His manner became subdued, and he was no longer known as the pro-Boer exponent.

On Sunday the bells and the whistles awakened everybody from afternoon lethargy and the word passed, "The war is over."

On Sunday evening the lights burned later than usual in her home. Some time before the hour when Mayor Howland was raised to the rostrum by the howling mob, a flushed face looked back through the curtains into the drawing-room and a man's voice spoke.

"You will find your ring on the card-case," it said.

J. R. BONE.

A June Day.

WHO would lie abed while the little brooks ever call in drowsy murmuring voices to come out from the brick walls and paved streets into green meadows and woodland paths? It takes only a little time, a little pains, to reach an old ruined mill, a lazy little stream, wooded banks, peace and rest. There one may lie with head deep in grass and watch white clouds go floating overhead, shadow and sunshine bringing out all varieties of tone in green leaves, a darting oriole flashing its color one moment in the light, and, through half-closed lids, a winding river.

The search at this season is not for anything so rare and delicate as the arbutus, but for a flower the fit emblem of freedom, flaunting its fairly beauty high, as a king among the lowlier flowers, its delicate blossom of scarlet and yellow swaying and nodding gently on its tall stalk—the columbine. It has five petals, each a long hollow spur, and five colored sepals. Curiously, the name comes from the Latin "Columbia," meaning a pigeon, from the resemblance the curved petals are said to have to the shape of a pigeon. You will find it growing in clumps among the "Stars of Bethlehem," the foam flower and wild geranium. Gathered together with some tall grasses they make a charming reminder through the week of a day spent beyond the city where the sound of the breaking stubble beneath the foot greets one and the lush grass bends back to let one pass, and the dandelion stem, with its crown of yellow turned to an airy globe of white, casts its sail-borne seeds to the wind at the gentlest touch.

We sleep so sweet a sleep, out there, beneath that bough, with the sound of falling water lulling us and the perfume of all the woods assailing our senses. We sleep a sweeter sleep, too, all the week afterwards and we work with minds fresh and rested.

GLADYS BACON.

Guglielmo Marconi.

WE are not yet receiving all the benefits of wireless telegraphy. But by, say, the day after tomorrow this will be remedied, so fast do we move.

The stock ticker has been ticking in everybody's ears now for a long time, and it is getting to be a poor barn that cannot support a telephone. But heretofore it has still been possible for us to get out at sea and be alone—to forget that books are being published every hour, that the Legislature at Albany is in session, that Cuba is being annexed, and that Chauncey Depey is still talking to his contemporaries.



Ernest Haskell's Caricature of Marconi.

Now, however, young Guglielmo has cut the cables, and made silence creep out of its last hole and vanish into space.

A short description of wireless telegraphy may not be inappropos here, only about three or four hundred volumes having been published in the last six months.

Young Marconi began his experiments in his mother's back yard in Italy with clothes poles, and finding that he could easily communicate from one clothes pole to another without wires, he began putting them farther apart, until finally he has them on opposite sides of the Atlantic.

This shows us what perseverance will accomplish.—New York "Life."

Fiddle-ticks.

People who honor their fathers and their mothers have the comforting promise that their days shall be long in the land. They are not sufficiently numerous to make the life assurance companies think it worth their while to offer them special rates.—"Pick-Me-Up."

It's queer that people who are always railing at the world are nevertheless willing to pay the doctors a fortune to keep them from leaving it in a hurry.—Atlanta "Constitution."

Notes From the Capital.

The Popular Ottawa Members.—The Distinguished Exoduses to Europe.—The Musical Romances and Their Queen.

A NUMBER of ladies were in the Russell Theater on the night that Hon. G. W. Ross spoke there, and although his speech did not win Ottawa, it won for him the admiration of all the women in the audience, and no doubt made them, at least for some time to come, good Liberals. As a matter of fact, nobody was greatly surprised at the result of the next day in Ottawa, for Mr. Berkeley Powell, M.P.P., and Mr. Dennis Murphy, M.P.P., are two of Ottawa's most prominent and most popular citizens. In the evening there was almost as much excitement in town as there is on the night of a general election, excitement such as the present generation has never seen caused by a Provincial election, Sparks street was from seven o'clock upwards almost impassable for carriages, and the street cars just managed to squeeze through the crowds gathered in front of the bulletins put up by the Montreal "Star," while the bulletins of the "Free Press" and "Journal" offices made Elgin street an impenetrable mass of humanity. But a's! the cheers of the crowd proved beyond doubt that in Provincial politics at least Ottawa is a Conservative stronghold. Strange to say, Mr. Berkeley Powell and Mr. Dennis Murphy, the Ottawa M.P.P.'s, live almost within a stone's throw of each other (fortunately being of the same stripe they won't want to throw the stone). Both residences are among the handsomest in Metcalfe street. Both are corner houses, Mr. and Mrs. Berkeley Powell have two little daughters, the elder of whom, Miss Marjorie Powell, is attending Miss Veals' boarding-school in Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. Murphy have three children, Mrs. Warwick of Toronto, Miss Lily Murphy, one of the brightest and most popular girls in Ottawa society, and Mr. George Murphy, who also lives in Ottawa. Mrs. George Patterson Murphy is also one of the handsomest women of the Capital. Mrs. Berkeley Powell is a daughter of Mr. Gordon Pattee, one of Ottawa's lumber kings. She is one of the sweetest and prettiest women of Ottawa. I do not remember having heard of Mrs. Powell ever accompanying her husband to Toronto during the session of the Legislature. Her not going is no doubt because she has been in rather poor health during the past four years. Should she ever go she is certain to be popular.

Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier are at home once more. The last few days of their absence from Ottawa were spent at their old home in Arthabaskaville. They leave Ottawa on the 13th, and sail from New York on the following day. Sir Wilfrid will be accompanied by his private secretary, Mr. Boudreau.

His Excellency the Earl of Minto, accompanied by Lady Ruby Elliot—who is being congratulated on her success in the music examinations in Toronto last week—leaves Ottawa on Friday, sailing on Saturday morning in the "Parisian." Lord Minto is taking his private secretary, Mr. Arthur Sladen, with him, and Captain Bell, A.D.C., will, during the absence of His Excellency, do some extensive travelling in Canada, perhaps as far as the Klondike. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Edwin Harris will be passengers in the "Parisian." Among the privates of the Coronation contingent are two men well known in Ottawa society, both of whom served in South Africa with Strathcona's Horse. These are Mr. Gladwyn Macdougall and Mr. Felton Gilmour. The former is a son of the Hon. William Macdougall and a nephew of Mrs. C. E. Harris, and has been for the past few months occupying the position of English secretary to Sir Wilfrid. Hon. W. S. Fielding and the Misses Fielding will be passengers on the "Tunisian," sailing a week later; also Mr. Mrs. and Miss Patterson. Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick is not going over before the autumn, and Mr. Tarte says now that he will not go over, although Mrs. Tarte and Miss Marie Tarte have been expecting him in Paris for some weeks. Miss Montizambert, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Montizambert, is sailing on the 14th, and after spending some weeks in England she will join Mrs. Sewell and the Misses Sewell of Quebec, and travel with them for a year on the Continent.

His Excellency, attended by Captain Bell, A.D.C., and accompanied by Major and Mrs. Maude, was present at the closing of the Normal School last Friday night. About one thousand invitations were sent out for this ceremony, and the Assembly Hall, which was decorated with flags and palms, was well filled. The programme, which, excepting the principal's address, was the work of the pupils, was interesting. On Sunday afternoon His Excellency Mgr. Falconio, the great Church dignitary of the Capital, attended by his French secretary (his English secretary has been ill for weeks in the hospital at Chatham), honored by his presence the closing ceremonies of the Youville Reading Circle, a successful after-course of study in connection with the Rideau street convent. The president of the Youville is Mrs. J. J. Macdonald.

This week society has been taken up entirely with the Carnival of Musical Romances, which is being put on for three nights and a matinee at the Russell Theater. It is little changed from the spectacle which pleased Toronto audiences a few weeks ago. The practices for the various dances have been going on daily—one may say nightly—for the past month in the gymnasium of the Ottawa Amateur Athletic building. The part of "Queen of the Carnival" was to have been taken here by Lady Ruby Elliot, one of the most graceful and prettiest of dancers, and of maidens generally, but Lord Minto refused, as Lady Ruby was leaving for England on Friday. Handsome Miss Elizabeth Borden, daughter of the Minister of Militia, is taking the part of the Queen. Several young ladies who were taking part in these dances have been obliged to give them up, owing to mourning in their families. Of these were the Misses Clemow, who are in mourning for their grandfather, Senator Clemow, and the Misses White, whose aunt, Mrs. Walter Reginald Baker, died very suddenly in Montreal on Friday last. Mrs. Baker was a sister of Mrs. Fred White, whose husband is Comptroller of the North-West Mounted Police. AMARYLLIS.

Accidental Converts.

There are more people than there ought to be in this country who worship patent medicines, but a missionary in Burnah gives an account of how she was the innocent cause of the worship of empty medicine bottles having been instituted. In one of her tours she came upon a village where cholera was raging. Having with her a quantity of pain-killer, and thinking that she might at least allay the suffering somewhat, she went from house to house administering the remedy, and left a number of bottles to be used after she had gone. When she returned to the village some months later she was met by the head man of the community, who cheered and delighted her by this intelligence: "Teacher, we have come over to your side; the medicine did us so much good that we have accepted your god." Overjoyed at this news, she was conducted to the house of the head man, who opened the door of a room and showed her the pain-killer bottles solemnly arranged in a row upon the shelf; and before them the whole company immediately prostrated themselves in worship.

Educating Dogs.

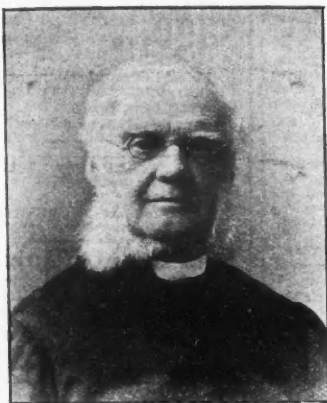
Education is undoubtedly the craze of the hour, and it consequently excites little surprise to learn that a school for dogs has been established in Paris. The faithful friend of man and inveterate enemy of the small boy has long been in need of such an institution. To bark artistically and bite scientifically ought to be the ambition of every aspirant. Toward, and in this and other directions education will no doubt accomplish much. Even if the dog gets no further in his intellectual achievements than "B for burglar—bite him," "T for tax collector—taste him," "D for debt collector—dissect him," "P for poet—pulverize him," the man who founded this canine college will earn our eternal gratitude.

Fifty Years a Pastor

Canon Sanson's Jubilee. Some Reminiscences of the Venerable Clergyman.

OF special interest to the citizens of Toronto more particularly to the older residents of the city, was the celebration on Sunday and Monday evening last of the jubilee of the venerable and much-beloved Canon Sanson of Trinity Church. Fifty years as rector of Trinity, and sixty busy years spent in the service of his Church as an ordained clergyman—such is the enviable record of Alexander Sanson, whom, as attested by the warmth and enthusiasm which characterized all the meetings in connection with the celebration of his jubilee, his parishioners and a host of life-long friends delight to honor. Sixty years crowded full of acts of sweet charity and self-sacrifice—small wonder that Canon Sanson should find his closing years his best years—years wherein the honors and rewards accruing to him as the result of faithful service are but a foretaste of the greater joys that await him.

As is natural, the reverend gentleman is full of reminiscences of the early days of church life in and around



Rev. Canon Sanson.

Toronto, and but for the native modesty which forbids his alluding to incidents wherein he himself figured prominently, a very interesting biographical sketch might be written. Born in Edinburgh on the 6th of January, 1819, Mr. Sanson came to Canada in 1833, completing his studies for the ministry at King's College. Of those that were ordained with him on the 8th of May, 1842, none have survived until the present time, the last of the little company to go being the late Bishop of the Island of St. Helena, who died only a few months ago. On the erection of St. John's Church, York Mills, in 1842, Canon Sanson was appointed rector, he having laid the first and last stone of that structure. To make room for this church an old frame building erected in 1816, and in which services had been conducted by the late Bishop Strachan of old St. James' Cathedral, was pulled down. The vicinity of York Mills was at that time called by the very high-sounding title of "Hog's Hollow."

Canon Sanson relates that Bishop Strachan was in the habit of announcing from his pulpit in St. James' his proposed visits to the little church in the woods. "I'm going out to Hog's Hollow, so there will be no service here this afternoon." Arrived at "Hog's Hollow," the good Bishop would invariably find only a mere handful of male parishioners present, the building being deemed so unsafe that only the men could be induced to enter it. This would perhaps indicate the superior religious zeal of men to women, in those pioneer days at all events, but in giving this little reminiscence Canon Sanson, with his broad charity, refused to press the comparison to the disadvantage of the weaker sex. At the laying of the corner stone of St. John's, York Mills, the small collection of coins and sundry medals which had been deposited in the corner stone of the old church was transferred to the new corner stone. One medal bore the name "Sir Peregrin Maitland," which was taken to prove this titled gentleman to have been present at the first ceremony in 1816. Besides Canon Sanson, there were present at the laying of the corner stone of St. John's, Lord Cavendish, Sir John Beverley Robinson, and Bishop Strachan.

After serving at York Mills for ten years, during which time an outbreak of smallpox found him constantly in attendance at the bedside of those suffering from the dread disease, Canon Sanson was in 1852 appointed rector of Trinity Church, which had been built nine years previous to this time, in 1843. During his long pastorate in Trinity many seasons of stress and sore trial have found him ever at his post. In 1854 an epidemic of Asiatic cholera broke out in the city. The disease was of so virulent a type that out of forty-four cases only one survived, a young lady at whose bedside Canon Sanson was constantly in attendance. He afterwards officiated at the young lady's marriage, and some twenty



Trinity Church, Toronto.

years later at the marriage of her daughter. During the pastorate of Canon Sanson Trinity Church has had its full share of distinguished parishioners. Among these might be mentioned Hon. Edward Blake, his father, mother, brothers and sisters, who were regular attendants; the late Hon. Rupert Wells, for long Speaker of the Legislature, deceased only May 11th last; the late Chief Justice Robert Harrison, the late Chief Justice Moss, the late Judge Harrison, who came out from England to establish the County Court, and who lived at Brockton, walking in to Trinity every Sunday; the Very Rev. Maurice Baldwin, Bishop of Huron; Dean Innis of London, the present Mr. Justice Moss of the Court of Appeal, and many others.

The services in connection with the jubilee celebration were of a particularly interesting character. On Sunday morning Canon Sanson himself preached the sermon, being assisted in the service by a number of his fellow-clergymen. A beautiful silver communion service, purchased by the parishioners in commemoration of the occasion, was used for the first time. On Sunday afternoon a young people's gathering in the schoolhouse was addressed by Hon. S. H. Blake, K.C., for many years superintendent of the Sabbath school; while in the evening the service was conducted by Rev. Professor Cody, who made special reference to the value and significance of Canon Sanson's long service to his Church. The Monday evening meeting was of a social character, consisting of the presentation of an address, and congratulatory speeches by many friends. A feature of this gathering was the presence with Canon Sanson of his daughter, Mrs. R. W. E. Greene, wife of



The Conqueror of Egypt and South Africa.

Canon Greene of Orillia; his granddaughter, Mrs. Stewart of Toronto, and little Miss Stewart, a child of three years of age—representing four generations. At the ripe old age of 83, Canon Sanson still preaches in Trinity Church every Sunday morning. A partial explanation of the remarkable energy and vitality that make his labor possible is found in the cheerfulness and genial helpfulness so apparent in the benign countenance of the venerable gentleman, for is it not true that "a merry heart doeth good like a medicine"?

C. E. F.

The Maiden and the Marquis.

The Marquis, as the painful moments sped. Each painful moment grew a shade more pale; The Maiden's cheeks were flushed, her eyes were red— And thereby hangs a tale.

A week before the Marquis had, with rare And most inimitable grace and art, Entrusted to the Maiden's loving care His title and his heart.

(The Maiden and the Marquis, by the by, In Europe, accidentally, had met)— The Maiden moved in Smart Society, The very Smartest Set.

Her charming gowns—she bought them by the score— Five hundred dollars for each gown she paid— And other fascinating things she wore, The latest mode displayed.

Vast wealth, wit, beauty, winning ways, had she— A combination sweet to contemplate. An elegant young Nobleman was he, Adonis up to date.

He often spoke—without a trace of pride— Of his possessions and his long descent, While she, an eager listener, by his side, In bliss each moment spent.

The polished Maiden—ne would never guess Her culture was a product of Duluth— Already saw herself a Marchioness, The consort of the youth.

No longer did she look on little Jones (Jones graced the circles of her native town) With tender eyes of love; her dulcet tones No more encouraged Brown.

Why did the Maiden with the Youth of rank, In bitter personalities engage?— The Youth was but (her mind is still a blank) A Marquis on the Stage.

E. C. MACKENZIE.

A Bold Protest.

THE Scottish Home Rule Association, meeting in Edinburgh, has addressed the following letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury:

My Lord.—The publication in the press of the ceremonial to be observed in Westminster Abbey at the King's Coronation has had our most serious consideration, and as the chief actor in that ceremony, we address this solemn and formal protest against the many breaches of the constitution of Great Britain and Ireland in that ceremony, and the glaring falsehood of the King assuming the title Edward VII., to which you propose giving the sanction of the Christian Church. We will make no further comment upon the barbaric ceremony than to say that it is an insult to the intelligence of the age that will make thoughtful persons hang their heads with conscious pity.

The first breach of truth is the accepting of the King as being Edward Seventh of Great Britain and Ireland. There never was an Edward who was King of these dominions. There were Edwards Kings of England, some of whom were and are still abhorrent to every true Scotsman; the wicked Norman line who oppressed the English and Irish people and cruelly invaded the Scots, whom they could not conquer, but in the attempt worked untold cruelty and misery upon the people. These are uncontrovertible facts, and your office is prostituted when it gives the sanction of the Church to this historic lie. The anointing with holy oil we submit is a gross piece of superstition worthy of the worst days of the Middle Ages, and abhorrent to the religious sentiments of the British people.

It is reported that you are to use these words, after making the sign of the cross upon the head and hands of the King, "Be thou anointed with holy oil as kings, priests and prophets were anointed, and as Solomon was anointed King by Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet, so be you anointed blessed and consecrated King over this people whom the Lord your God hath given you to rule and govern, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

There is not a word in this whole sentence but what is fraught with mischief. It practically annuls the oath taken by the King to the constitution in an earlier part of the ceremony, by giving him a higher title to rule the people. There is no holy oil or holy water in the reformed Church of these realms. By declaring the Divine right of the King to rule, like unto Solomon, who was an irresponsible despot, you give the sanction of the Church to a principle that has been repudiated by every free people, and this attempt to revive it may work untold misery to future generations of Britons when a monarch arises who will try to act on this supposed Divine sanction to reign. Besides, it is as false as it is pernicious, for the King is called to the throne by the Parliament of Great Britain, whose gift it is and who have the authority both to bestow and to take away. This constitutional principle was settled in the reign of Queen Anne, by the solemn act of the English

and Scottish Parliaments, who set aside the legitimate line, who claimed Divine right, in favor of the Elector of Hanover. These Acts of Settlement have not been repealed, and are the foundation of the Hanoverian dynasty, from which the King derives his sole claim to the British crown.

It is reported that the King is to present the bread and wine at holy communion. In the evil days of the Roman Empire the emperors were placed among the gods and worshipped. In the ceremonial at Westminster the homage paid to a mere mortal, and the putting the King in the place of Christ, to dispense bread and wine at the communion, comes very near such an evil precedent.

The Scottish people are both religious and law-abiding, and therefore pay the greatest deference to those who are set to rule over them. Had these rulers in Scotland done their duty to the people, as established by the said Act of Settlement, there would have been but one voice in Scotland, and that would have been to protest against this monstrous assumption of the King's advisers. Although we may rejoice that the Church of Scotland is not to be represented at this degrading and obsequious ceremony, it would be well to remind your lordship that at a State function the Church of Scotland stands on the same platform of equality as the Church of England, both being the endowed Church of the realm.

We therefore feel it to be our duty, with all reverence and true patriotism, thus to voice the universal sentiment of the Scottish race, both at home and abroad, when we repudiate the portions of the ceremony referred to as binding on us or on our posterity or any other citizen of Great Britain who may be like minded, and we will take such means as may be necessary to let this protest be known over the civilized world. We are, most reverend, Your Grace's obedient servants,

JOHN ROMANS, Chairman.
CHARLES WADDIE, Hon. Sec.

The Breadth of a Peers.

The peereesses have induced the King to increase the seating capacity allotted to each of them in Westminster Abbey from sixteen to twenty inches.—Daily paper.

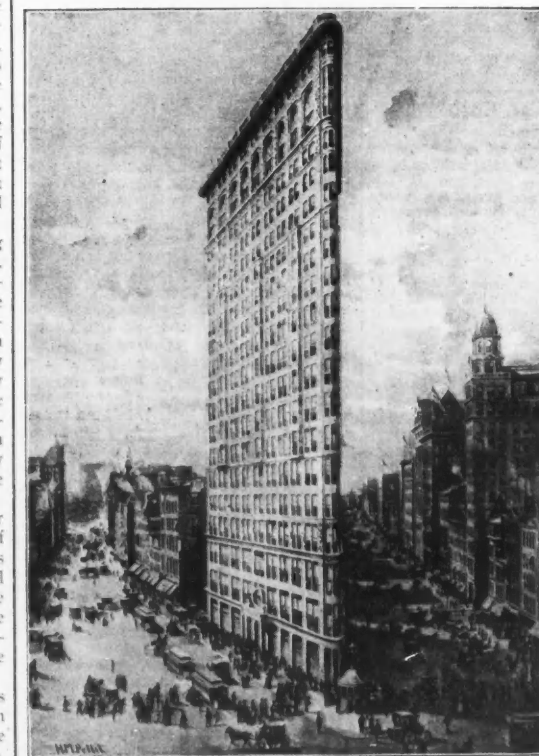
The peereesses of England are built in varicose ways; Some find it hard and tiresome to lace their gilded stays, While others, lean and scrawny, are likewise somewhat sad To think, perchance, their compeers may recognize they pad.

But oh, the busts and figures were ousted from their minds, And personal defections were scattered to the winds, When Edward ruled that inches sixteen would surely fit The very ample portion in which each dame would sit.

Much pressure on King Edward the peereesses did bring, And now each noble lady can chant, "God save the King!" They've gained the large extension the which they did implore, And each tiara'd lady has now four inches more.

—Town Topics.

THE MOST REMARKABLE BUILDING IN THE WORLD.



The "Flatiron" Building, which is being erected in New York at the southern junction of Broadway and Fifth avenue, is more than remarkable for several reasons. It is built to a height of twenty stories above the ground, on a plot of land most difficult for construction purposes, and perhaps the most valuable situation in the whole world. The building stands at the junction of the two most famous avenues in America, and more people pass the spot each day with both the means and intention to buy than anywhere else. Not only in its appearance but in its mechanical construction the great building is like the prow of an enormous steel ship.



Canada's Only and Original Pole-Climber.

"A H. bon jour, M'sieu Asterisk."

"Bon jour to you, Captain Bernier. I thought you were off to the North Pole."

"Ah, non—not yet, M'sieu, mais so soon as ze people of Canada gif me ze funds necessaires! I tought perhaps you might help ze good cause on, M'sieu. We make ze appeal everywhere, and we hope for ze leetle quarters of ze ctioy—ous—out, for ze sous of ze children—as well as for ze beeg monnaie of Government. By-on-by, mebbe, perhaps, we shall have enough. Zen we start for ze Nord Pole wit' one grand r-n, and we plant dere le drapeau Canadien—ze Union Shack you call 'im—and we say 'Dis is to Canada! Take 'im away who dere!'"

"You seem very confident, Captain, of doing what all the other pole-chasers have failed to do."

"Oui, I am, as you here in Awntario say, 'cock-sure.' You see, M'sieu, I haf all ze details arranged. We shall sail from Vancouver into ze polar seas. We shall let ze ice wedge us in on ze nort' coast of Alaska. Zen we shall drift wit' ze current till we are hondred an' fifty mile from ze Pole. Zen we take to ze ice. First, ze first hoffer— he will go forty or fifty mile and set up on ze ice every half-mile one hollow aluminum post filled wit' condensed food. Ze first hoffer he return to ze ship, an' ze second hoffer go and do his i rty or fifty mile wit' more hollow post. He return an' ze hoffer nex' in order go likewise. Zen all is ready pour moi. I go. Ze provision is dere for me along ze entire route. I make ze trip over ze ice ver' fast. I reach ze Pole, I hoist ze Union Shack. Ze Pole, he belong to Canada."

"Bravo! It is done," I said. "Oui, M'sieu, c'est un fait accompli. We shall haf t'ree automobile sleighs, one for electricity, one for gasoline, one for petroleum. We shall get ze electricity from wind-mills—oui, M'sieu. We shall haf ze wireless telegraph of Marconi. Our ship shall be heated wit' electricity. We shall haf portable houses to set up on ze ice. We shall have ze music box pour amusemen' an' ze graphophone pour recorder ze song of ze win' in ze rigging an' ze growl of ze ice-grind. When we return, we shall lecture and write ze book. Oh, it is all as easy as roll off ze log, M'sieu."

"Undoubtedly—quite so, Captain," I assented. "And while you are about it, why not carry along a few cows to provide fresh milk en route and to stock the country for future expeditions. Then, of course, you will have a vitascope apparatus to take pictures of you and your mates chasing over the icebergs in your automobiles or nailing the colors to the Pole. And don't forget to organize a brass band in the ship's company. A few waltzes might serve to enlist the friendship of the polar bears, and the band could play you into port on your return. There's nothing like thinking out all the details beforehand, is there, Captain? With your music boxes, graphophones, automobiles, hollow posts, and other facilities you are certain to reach the Pole, but don't forget the cows, the vitascope, or the brass band, I assure you they are absolutely essential to success."

ASTERISK.

"Thinking" Oneself to Death.

THOUSANDS of people actually think themselves to death every year by allowing their minds to dwell on morbid subjects. As a rule, the thought that kills relates to something the individual dreads more than anything else in the world. There is the germ of fatal thought in ninety-nine persons in every hundred, and the exception is only proof against the thought disease by having been inoculated with the lymph of profound optimism or philosophy. The idea that one has some incipient disease in one's system, the thought of financial ruin, that one is getting on in life without improving prospects—any of them, or a thousand similar thoughts, may carry a healthy man to a premature grave. A melancholy thought that fixes itself upon one's mind needs as much "doctoring" as physical disease; it needs to be eradicated from the mind, or it will have just the same result as a neglected disease would have. The thought-disease sometimes cures itself after running its course; so does smallpox. But who would settle down to suffer from smallpox and chance recovery, as thousands of foolish persons settle down to let the thought-disease, which has attacked them, do its worst? Every melancholy thought, every morbid notion, and every nagging worry should be resisted to the utmost, and the patient should be physicked by cheerful thoughts, of which there is a store in everyone's possession, bright companions—cheaper than drugs, and pleasanter.

News Notes From the Philippines.

GENERAL TAFFY announces that the end is in sight. He figures that by the beginning of the rainy season in 1915 not more than three hundred thousand troops will be needed in the islands.

Some confusion and delay has been experienced in Samar over the claims made by candidates for assimilation that they were under ten. The matter was referred to Colonel Bludd, who decided that a native who knew enough to raise the point was of age.

The climate being too sultry for Ping-Pong, a new game called Quarts is the rage at the clubs. A native is caught and brought in and the players guess as to how much water he will hold under pressure. Each player pays a dollar, and after the test is made at the pump, the pot goes to the winner.

Senator Phakit, who has spent over two weeks studying the inhabitants of Northern Looton, says they are a singularly frank and communicative race. He says that merely trying not to tell something means torture to them.

The drought in the neighborhood of Bang-Bang has seriously hampered the work of the Health Department in the administration of the water cure. It is proposed to try compressed air.—New York "Life."

Evidently Friday is to be the great day for State events during King Edward's reign. The first court was held on Friday. The King's birthday is to be celebrated on Friday, and the Coronation procession is to be on Friday.

An author who had sent his latest effort in fiction to Disraeli received the following complimentary acknowledgment: "I thank you for the book you sent me, and will lose no time in reading it."

A Sheffield boot-maker displays this notice in his window: "Don't you wish you were in my shoes?"

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LARGE AIRY ROOMS
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New York and Mediterranean Ports.
Splendid new steamships fitted with
the very latest improvements. Weekly sailings.
R. M. MELVILLE, Can. Pass. Agent, Toronto

Niagara River Line

4 TRIPS DAILY
(Except Sunday)
Steamers **CHICORA** and **CORONA**
On and after June 2nd leave Yonge Street
Dock (East Side), 7 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m.
and 4.45 p.m., for

Niagara, Queenston and Lewiston
connecting with New York Central and Hud-
son River R.R., Michigan Central R.R.,
Niagara Falls Park & River R.R., and Niagara
Gorge R.R. **JOHN FOY, General Manager.**

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20 ROUND TRIPS On Sale At
A. F. WEBSTER'S
North-East Corner King and Yonge Streets

Excursion to Boston.

The West Shore Railroad will run
a popular excursion to Boston on Fri-
day, May 23, by regular trains, the
fare from Suspension Bridge or Buf-
falo only ten dollars (\$10) for the round
trip, tickets good for return up to and
including Monday, June 2.
See West Shore ticket agents for
further information.

Anecdotal.

In pronouncing sentence, a Scotch
judge once added: "Ye did not only
kill and murder the man, and thereby
take away his valuable life, but ye did
push, thrust or impel the lethal weapon
through the bellyband of his regimental
trousers, which were the property
of His Majesty."

Curran said to Father O'Leary, the
wittiest priest of his day, "I wish you
were St. Peter." "Why?" asked
O'Leary. "Because," said Curran,
"you would have the keys of heaven
and could let me in." "It would be
better for you," said O'Leary, "that I
had the keys of the other place."
"Why?" asked Curran. "Well, then I
could let you out."

Samuel Foote, the English actor, was
one day invited for a few moments into

"The Book Shop."

PLEASANT
MISSIVES

Dainty writing papers in charming
shades of gray, blue and cream are at
the "Book Shop," with the texture of
pieces of fine linen.

The "Book Shop" will be pleased to
supply them with or without: stamped
initials, the stamping being done in
the "Book Shop" imprimery from a
special die of steel prepared to order.

Specimen sheets will be gladly mailed
to out-of-town customers who desire
"correct" stationery.

WM. TYRRELL & CO.
8 KING ST. WEST.



Mother (exhibiting first-born)—Don't you see a resemblance? Look at our faces side by side.
Visitor—Nothing could be plainer.

Who Knocks?

Welcome Letters. One Woman's Woes.
When Peace Came.

SOMETIMES, when one is ab-
sorbed in work, a rap upon the
door breaks the tension, and
after a moment's deliberation,
the pros have it, and for fear
of missing an angel, unwares, one
opens to divers nuisances. There is a
sorrowful little old man whose wel-
come just depends on a dime. If I
have the dime he goes away with it,
leaving many blessings and a little oil
painting. Can you fancy anyone
painting a rock and a tree and a bit
of very blue sky for ten cents? The
little old man does so, and the pictures
have very points, I can tell you; the
blue is very blue, and the green is very
green, and the cloudlets are exceeding
white. He got dollars instead of cents,
and for his pictures this little, frayed
and weary soul, but he is very old and
very feeble now, and he has only the
power to do little four by eight things
that bring the welcome dimes for his
humble bed and board. There is a
blustering, aggressive but hearty young
Irishman, who has one of those cute
little savings banks that gather pen-
nies while you wait, and he is persist-
ent and evidently on commission, so
that it rather takes it out of one to
repulse him. The production of the
small Dublin blue and white ten-pot,
full of the harmless necessary change,
vanquishes him, however. Some her-
ditary approval of such a money-saver
seems to appeal to him from the other
side of the sea, and he resignedly puts
up his natty little bank in its box and
goes his way with a subdued twinkle
in his bright eye. There is always
some idiot looking for a number far
removed from the one over the door, and
which he has always passed near the
foot of those sixty-three steps that lead
to the sanctum. It's a satisfaction to
know that he has climbed to the ex-
pense of his sin of not looking out be-
times. There is the gentle maiden who
has no idea of time, and who airily
says: "Oh, write that to-morrow!" and
brushes aside as of no importance
whatever the telephone ringing for
copy, or the representations of your-
self as to the hour of day. The ice-
man knocks to know if you expect him
to carry ice up to the roof without en-
couragement of a negotiable note, and
the telephone repairer calls to look
at your instrument of torture, and
muddles about for half an hour, and
the postman wants three cents for an
underpaid letter, and the neighbor
wants to leave a message for a possible
visitor, and the janitress wants to tell
you it's a fine day. And every one of
them knocks and has to have the door
unfastened, so that you take quite a
lot of exercise of a physical as well as
a mental description during the writ-
ing of a paragraph such as this.

At one of the great London hospitals
a cold storage chamber was being con-
structed in connection with the post-
mortem room, and the secretary of the
hospital, on going to see how the work
was getting on, found that the cham-
ber was being fitted with double doors
—and those of small size—instead of
one large door. He made enquiries as
to the reason for this deviation from
the original plan, when the chief car-
penter, who was superintending the
work, replied: "Oh, sir, we are putting
in double doors and a wooden partition
in order to keep the sexes apart!"

Two gentlemen who were playing
cards at a New York club were very
much annoyed by other members who
stood behind their chairs and inter-
ested themselves in the game. Finally
one of the players asked one of the
spectators to play the hand for him
until he returned. The spectator took
the cards, whereupon the first player
left the room. Pretty soon the second
player followed the example of the
first. The two substitutes played for
some time, when one of them asked
the waiter where the two original play-
ers were. "They are playing cards in
the next room," was the waiter's reply.

President Roosevelt possesses a char-
acteristic sense of humor. It is vigor-
ous and sometimes almost grotesque.
When he was Assistant Secretary of
the Navy, during the preparation for
the Spanish war, the government was
buying a number of yachts to be con-
verted into torpedo-boats, despatch-
boats, scouts, etc. Considerable intima-
city existed between the family of
President Roosevelt and that of one of
the officers of the navy in the depart-
ment. The wife of this officer got a
fancy she would like to have one of
these beautiful little boats bear her
name. There is a prejudice in the navy
against giving a woman's name to a
war vessel of any type, and it is believed
to be unlucky. But the officer, who
found it easier to face official prejudice
than to resist the importunities of his
better half, made the request of Mr.
Roosevelt. The Assistant Secretary of
the Navy hesitated. "It won't do," he
said. "I would like to oblige your
wife, but a woman's name won't do."
Then a thought occurred to him, and
he replied, "I will fix it," he said. "Tell
your wife it will be all right." The
next day the boat was named "The
Vixen." And the officer who had made
the request was placed in command of her.

Thanks For Both.

French Gentleman Gracefully Expresses
His Own and His Wife's Gratitude.

A Strong Letter Written With the Noble
Purpose of Trying to Benefit Someone
Else.

St. Hippolyte, Que., June 2.—(Spe-
cial.)—Mr. L. A. Paquin of this village
has written for publication the follow-
ing letter. In it he speaks for both
himself and his wife. The letter reads:
"After much suffering I had become
unable to work. I had Kidney Trouble
which gave me great pain."

"My wife had used a box of Dodd's
Kidney Pills for a similar trouble
some time before, and, as they had
completely restored her to good health,
I made up my mind to take a treat-
ment myself."

"I was not disappointed, and I can
now say that I have tried and proved
Dodd's Kidney Pills to be the greatest
medicine in the world."

"We are now both quite well, and
able to do our work as well as ever."
"We have found Dodd's Kidney Pills
to be a remedy, which saves us the
pains and trouble which we so often see
in others, who are languishing and
incapable of attending to their work."

"Perhaps I should explain why I
write this letter. It is because I feel
there may be many others who have
not heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills, or
who, having heard, have not yet given
them a trial, and to such I would say,
'Give Dodd's Kidney Pills a fair trial
and you will agree with my wife and
myself that there is not any other such
medicine to be had.'"

What Dodd's Kidney Pills have done
for Mr. Paquin and his good wife they
will do for any man or woman who
suffers from Kidney Disease in any
form.

own country, and have we their match
from end to end of the land for a cer-
tain sweet and gentle dignity of tone
and exquisite courtesy?

While I wrote last week the fairies
filled the window garden. Being fair-
ies, they should have known about
those yellow flowers I was intending to
have this year, but if they did, they
evidently scorned my taste, for they have
put in a delicious mixture of the
sweetest things—verbenas, ferns, scar-
let geraniums, lily petals, and cool
little ice-plants, and indeed I love those
fairies for giving me this lovely sur-
prise and this feast of color and
bloom. Weren't they dears to do it?

"What's all that noise?" enquired
the small woman, who was huddled
into a wrapper at three o'clock in the
morning. "Peace is proclaimed, you
know," explained the large woman,
who also couldn't sleep. "Hah! I wish
the proclamation took effect here, too!"
grunted the small woman, as a run-
away horse and two giant firecrackers
took a turn at waking the street. And
the echoes received a loud "Amen!"
from various sleepless flat-dwellers.

And now, if Kitchener is a wise man
he won't get on a pedestal. The hero
business is very uncertain and the
minds of the mob just finding out. A
all events, it is reasonable comfort
that Kitchener isn't likely to follow the
unfortunate example of the hero who
lived for a day, then married a wife,
gave away the gift of the nation, and
has since dropped out somewhere with
his record, for the procession has left
him behind. I can't help thinking of
the King's last daughter, in case some-
grand new title depends upon the
broad shoulders of the Iron General
and the British nation demands that
"the Succession be secured." It seems
that in high latitudes such a demand
overrules every other consideration.
Every woman is weirdly interested in
Lord Kitchener, since the reporters
have labeled him a woman-hater, and
the interest naturally augments with
his increase of rank and success "over
there." So the feminine world will sit
tight and expectant, when the grim,
cold-eyed warrior who has cornered
the Boers and made peace possible re-
turns to Merrie England to be wor-
shipped.

Hear this from a woman: "I am not
attractive to men of the order that I
admire and could love, but I seem to
have a fatal attraction for misfits and
eccentrics. As for you, I couldn't be so
crude, for you're a good sort. You are
cheerful, ambitious, sweet-tempered,
imaginative, fond of beauty and har-
mony, slightly susceptible, discreet and
sympathetic. You have some humor,
empathy and quite an even and logical
sense with good self-control, and an
absence of self-consciousness and dis-
like to duplicity."

Kathleen—You are quite correct—a
virgo in full, and with all the traits,
some disciplined and controlled after
hard struggle, which mark that earthy
sign. Your writing is self-reliant and
rather tenacious, with little buoyancy or
hope, and a strong love of power and
exercise. You are reasonably discreet
and not apt to give your full confidence
to your intimates. The writing
suggests a touchy temper, with some
tendency to idealize, and I regret to
notice at times a fickleness and taste for
change, even when doing good work.
There is splendid devotion, some sym-
pathy not general, however—and a dis-
position to over-value certain things,
maybe yourself. O, Kathleen! It is a
striking rather than an appealing lan-
guage, and it shows marked individual-
ity and independence.

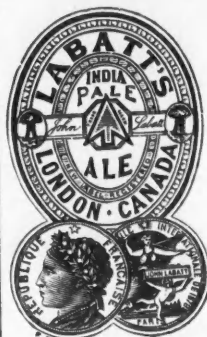
Sedate—No, my dear girl, I cannot
guess who you are, and I've had many
a dinner in that neighborhood, and good
ones, too. Was it at the house of the
fountain, perchance? I do wish I could
remember the night I was so scintillat-
ing. How much it would cheer me on
the days when I am so dull! As to how
you may overcome your diffidence, I
shouldn't try to. God knows there are
enough gabblers. Let your friends re-
joice in you as an exception. I don't
believe you lack words, but you may
not have the knack of putting your
thoughts as well as they merit. That's
what I meant. That, if not born in you,
only comes by study and training mostly
self-inflicted. At all events, you write
your thoughts capitally.

Willis—Your acknowledgment was very
nicely put. I hope the astrological,
phenological, psychometrical, and
graphological readers all agreed upon
your best points. Write when you think
of something else you need.

LADY GAY.
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L.N.M.—Your study shows refinement
and a bright and rather sympathetic
nature. You have considerable personal
stability, care for details, some suscepti-
bility, tenacity, taste, and sympathy.
You are rather apt to trust everybody,
and have conservative views and some
rather incline to the shady side of life—
somewhat lacking buoyancy and hope.
Chaminade—The month is not suffi-

PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION
BUFFALO

GOLD MEDAL

AWARDED

LABATT'S
ALE and PORTER

SURPASSING ALL COMPETITORS

cient, as I so often tell my correspond-
ents, I must ask the exact day to give
any information—not the year, but the
day of the month. I don't see any
traces of great age in your lines; prob-
ably you are in the early twenties, if as
old as that. You are quick, bright and
observant, adaptable, impulsive and re-
asonably thoughtful, but you are not an
optimist either, rather mercurial and
somewhat open to discouragement. I
should fancy you could make a success
of several occupations if you had the
steadiness and confidence which seem
rather lacking. You are somewhat
egotistic, and in the last sixteen lines
of your study there was an "I" in every
single line. On the whole, you seem
to be a nice, bright, receptive and re-
ciprocatory little dame. Thanks for all
the friendly talk. I dare say my pleas-
ure in the acquaintance would be quite
as marked as yours, my dear. You
have good, clear sequence of ideas and
facile expression.

Isabel—You are adaptable, enterpris-
ing, discreet and careful. There isn't
a great show of sympathy or philan-
thropy in your lines. You are persever-
ing, cheerful and logical, have good se-
quence of ideas and bright perception. I
don't wonder you don't care for nursing.
That "motherly" trait which is in the
best nurses is not indicated. It is really
a clever hand, and looks as if it should
succeed.

Josephine—Dear Josephine, it is of
great importance that you should observe
the rules. Mutilated letters are not "in
the style."

Irish—"Would it be all right to tell
you I am Irish?" say you. What for?
You are a dear blundering Irish,
too, to be sending for a study to the
"Globe"—sure they don't drop to the
frivolities, my dear! You are practical,
too, and would like to dominate if you
could. You are frank and confiding,
and secrets are not in you, but they're
out. You have some concentration, a
fairly strong will, very little sentiment
and the smallest modicum of tact. You
have a bright way of thinking and
plenty of affection. You like comfort
and may likely be the least trifle selfish.
There is some independence and quite
an original streak in you, who don't
analyze very critically, and are apt to
shirk detail in work if the result is pleas-
ing. A trace of philosophy is suggested,
and ambition unsatisfied. "Come again,
Irish, and tell me the date of your birth."
On second thoughts, I believe you do
rule a good deal.

Doubtful Daphne—I come to you
breathless with haste, don't I? Well,
all I can say is, if you are doubtful
enough to ask me to decide whether you
shall make that good man happy I can
only say I hope you will. At your age
my good Daphne, you may as well sac-
rifice the dream for the reality. Per-
haps the six little god will then cast
such a shadow over that good dream that
you'll find him quite worthy of more
than toleration. But a word in your
ear: you must give up the dream. Act
honestly; put those vague longings for
the unford to sleep, and accept the real
good, with hearty purpose to make it
suffice you. Remember, you are not "a
plain girl," to that man who loves you,
but the most desirable woman on earth.
Certe! my girl, it's something to have
even one man who regards me thus! And
a word in your ear—you are neither
stupid nor common-place, but you may
easily be too exacting and torture your-
self with the shortcomings of others. For
some good to yourself are you make plain
and unattractive to those types you em-
broider to allure. Ah, Daphne, there's
nothing in it! Thank kind fate which
sends you the good man and good wife
at him. There, marry him, you goose!

Habitant—Do I say only nice things
to my correspondents? Well, sometimes
really, good Habitant! I have to rap their
knuckles. As for you, I couldn't be so
crude, for you're a good sort. You are
cheerful, ambitious, sweet-tempered,
imaginative, fond of beauty and har-
mony, slightly susceptible, discreet and
sympathetic. You have some humor,
empathy and quite an even and logical
sense with good self-control, and an
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like to duplicity.

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maybe yourself. O, Kathleen! It is a
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fountain, perchance? I do wish I could
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ing. How much it would cheer me on
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somewhat lacking buoyancy and hope.
Chaminade—The month is not suffi-

doubt it, my dear sir; I told everybody
the same thing I told you."—Ohio
State Journal.

Face
Mas-
sage...

Laest improved treatment producing a
clear, bright, velvety skin.

ALMOND SKIN FOOD
Recognized as the finest preparation
known for building up the tissues of
the skin.

HAIR and SCALP TREATMENT
Special attention given to this branch
of our work.

MANICURING and CHIROPODY
by skilled operators.

La Beaute Toilet Co.

Parlors—113 KING ST. WEST. Phone—M. 3017

READY LUNCH BEEF.

REGISTERED

Ready Lunch Beef

Different from any other canned
Beef—and better.—
Retains the full flavor and nutri-
tion of the choice selected beef.

W. CLARK—MFR.—MONTREAL.
Have you ever used
Clark's Delicious Pork and Beans.

St. Catharines
Saline Spings

FOR
Gout,
Rheumatism,
Neuralgia, Nervousness,
Liver Complications, Etc.

Special attention given to Diet and Mas-
sage.
Physicians are solicited to correspond
with Dr. McCoy, Physician in charge.
Skilled attendants in Baths. Steam heat
in each room. Elevator. Porcelain
baths. Toilet-rooms on each floor.
One and one-half hours' ride from Toronto
without charge.

Apply to—
The Welland Hotel & Sanitarium Co.

**The Family
Table**

and a happy family de-
pends a little upon the
Salt. Salt that cures is
the base of existence.
Windsor Salt does not
cure.

**Windsor
Salt**

Leading Grocers sell it.

THE
DOMINION BREWERY CO.

LIMITED

BREWERS and MALSTERS
Manufacturers of
the Celebrated

**WHITE LABEL
JUBILEE and
INDIA PALE...ALES**

The above brands are the genuine extract of
Malt and Hops.



The Bound of the Astorbills.

A MODERN DETECTIVE STORY.

The great detective gave utterance to a mystifying chuckle, as he scrutinized the crushed bone collar-button which he had just discovered beneath the dresser. The next instant he had placed it in his hand.

"What do you make of it, Watson?" he asked, opening a fresh carton of cigarettes and lighting two packages at once.

"As I did not immediately reply, he stepped over to the table, rolled up his sleeve and injected a half-ounce of cocaine into his forearm.

"Well," said he presently, "are you not decided?"

"Our visitor," I replied, desperately discarding the ingenuities he always insisted upon, "was a tall, slender female of about forty-five, unmarried, and carrying a pug pup under her left arm. From the peculiar traces of reddish-brown mud on the rug, I deduce that she came here directly from East Ontario, Ohio. She wore a light-green bombazine ulster over a yellow-brocade skirt, a black patch over her left eye and a mouse-colored wig. She remained in this room exactly seven minutes and thirty-nine seconds, three minutes of which period were occupied in smoking a Trichinopoly cigar and gazing fixedly at yonder painting of 'The Monster Hound.'"

Sherlock Holmes uttered an ejaculation of amazement.

"In Heaven's name, Watson," he cried, "how did you arrive at these conclusions?"

"Holmes," I replied, with the deepest feeling in my voice, "as I live, you are at liberty to search me."

Sherlock Holmes donned his dressing-gown and slippers and stood before the fireplace, a copy of Monsieur Lecoq in one hand and one arm resting affectionately about the portrait of Edgar Allan Poe. The picture thus formed was most effective.

"I will hurriedly describe our visitor, Watson," he said calmly; "and mind, you take it all with the most astounding admiration—that's your job. Our man, who left this room not more than an hour ago, was short and thin, and wore checked drab trousers and a gray frock-coat, and was disguised in a light-green beard and a monocle, which he was compelled to hold in place with one hand. He is the possessor of great wealth and absorbing ambition, considerable integrity and blue eyes. He is a man who is held in the utmost esteem by his ex-countrymen. To conclude—of course, I have saved the most startling fact for the last—he is of American birth, and though, as I have said, thin, yet his coat was 'Size 48; Extra Stout.'"

When I had sufficiently revived, I said, weakly: "Go ahead; the sooner it's over the better."

"The diamond coronet which the Lord Chamberlain entrusted to me has been abstracted from this room within the last two hours. During that time, you and I being absent, there arrived here the man I have just described. He entered without knocking, shortly after ten; the first thing his eyes lighted upon was the sparkling coronet lying there on the center-table, where I had left it—purposefully, as, indeed, Watson, I do all things in this life. Instantly our visitor seized the bubble and proceeded to substitute it for a small pillow which he had been wearing beneath his cravat. The pillow he flung out of that open window; you will observe that it still lies in the mud below. In stuffing the coronet into his breast, however, this collar-button became loosened and fell to the floor. At this our visitor lost his temper, and, having crushed the button beneath his heel, he angrily kicked it under the dresser. Another collar-button now became a requisite, and, as your diamond stud was lying before him, he made instant use of it. Being an honest man, he then drew from his pocket a package of paper money—curiously enough, all in American greenbacks just received from his investments in New York—flung it on the dresser and was gone."

Sherlock Holmes held up a fat roll, evidently of money, wrapped in a \$1,000,000 bill.

"But the green beard?" I cried, readily accepting my cue to re-enter the dialogue.

"If you will take the trouble to notice carefully, Watson, you will find a long, verdant hair coiled about the stem of the button. Now, no natural beard is ever raised in that shade; consequently, our visitor adopted this chin-covering as a disguise."

"And the blue eyes?"

Sherlock Holmes took from his experiment rack a test-tube containing a dark-red fluid. "You will observe that the interior of this room is absolutely devoid of the slightest trace of the color blue. Very good; in this test-tube is a quantity of bi-citrate of Guggenheim, a peculiar chemical known only

to myself, which, originally orange in tint, when brought into the presence of the color blue instantly becomes a dark red. This man wore checked trousers and a gray coat; he was of American birth; consequently his necktie was red. The change having occurred in this fluid, it is perfectly plain, therefore, that his eyes must have been blue."

"But his size, his clothing, the monocle, the ambition?" I began, protesting.

In reply the detective merely presented me with a small magnifying glass and the crushed collar-button.

"Examine the base of the button," he said, without a flourish.

I hastened to follow his suggestion. Engraved in the substance I beheld the microscopic monogram "W. W. A."

"But," I insisted, "this proves nothing."

"It proves everything," interrupted Holmes, "for I know this W. W. A. He is the one who in his desperation employed me to secure for him this coronet. So great was his impatience to possess it that he came here this morning to appropriate it, even if only an hour before I was to deliver it in person."

"Impossible!" I cried, thoroughly stupefied.

"Unquestionable," replied Holmes, unmoved; "it was I who planned the entire move. Look!"

My glance followed his gesture admiringly. There in the doorway stood the American Millionaire, exactly as the detective had described him, boldly wearing the coronet in place of a hat!

IV.

As I gazed, from far out upon the moor there came the deep, unearthly baying of a gigantic hound. Weirily it rose and fell in blood-curdling intensity until the inarticulate sound gradually shaped itself into this perfectly distinguishable wail: "I wonder how much of it Robinson wrote?"—Charlton Andrews in "Bookman."

Dyspepsia

The Most Prevalent and Unpleasant of all Diseases.

Ninety Out of Every Hundred People Are suffering With Some Form of Stomach Trouble.

Dyspepsia is generally caused by faults in the food.

Carelessness and indiscretion in eating and drinking; eating too fast or too much, or too little exercise.

In these days of rush and worry many people forget or neglect to pay any attention whatever to their Stomachs.

Hasty meals are gobbled without time for proper mastication, or a thought as to the possible consequences to the digestive organs of such unreasonable and unfair treatment.

But there comes a time when they fail.

There is a limit even to the endurance of these faithful organs.

The symptoms of Dyspepsia appear, Heartburn, Waterbrash, Bloating or Pain in the Chest begin to cause annoyance.

How many invalids can trace the commencement of their physical breakdown to the appearance of these trifling ailments.

It is strange that people will still continue to neglect these early symptoms of Dyspepsia, despite the widespread knowledge of their fearful results.



"THE Diary of a Goose Girl" is Miss Kate Douglas Wiggin's last trifle in the book line. It isn't a diary, but the impressions of a poultry farm, gathered by a runaway girl, who eschews the stupid Hydropathic Hotel and the rounds whom she loves, and takes a short vacation from her proper sphere, among the ducks, geese and chickens of the farm aforesaid. The farmeress, the Square Baby, the rightful Goose girl and the sham one have a lovely time together. Miss Wiggin's usual quaintness is in evidence, though the story, apart from the poultry, is not of interest. The illustrations are simply perfect, and Morang & Co. have brought the book out prettily. There is a good little story going the rounds about an interview between Marion Crawford, that huge, quiet writer of interminable romances, and Miss Wiggin, wherein, after gravely receiving the enthusiasms of the latter over his work, Mr. Crawford said, doubtfully: "Perhaps you, too, write, Miss Wiggin?" The collapse of Miss Wiggin may be better imagined than described. However, she can always get even by putting Crawford in one of her funny stories.

Mr. John Morley has nearly completed his great task of writing the "Life of Gladstone," but it is rather depressing to learn that he has found it necessary to expand it to three volumes in order to include all his material.

The Duchess of Sutherland, writing in the "Saturday Review" upon boys' books and girls' books, says: "Why should courage, resource and fair play be attributes held up for the admiration of the male sex alone in 'man' that is born of a woman? I spent my pocket money on the 'Boy's Own Paper' from the age of six; it gave me an early appreciation of healthy Journalism, and I still distrust the future of the little girl who prefers the sentimental 'Bessie's Red Sash' to the half-breadth escapades of 'Tom Tiddler's Leap.' The mother of maids in her purchases would do well to avoid the volume, however bright its boards, that bears the sub-title 'a tale for girls.'"

Lest it might be forgotten that Robert Browning descended from a footman ancestor, the rector of Penridge, in which parish that ancestor lived, has erected a tablet to his memory inscribed as follows:

To the Memory of Robert Browning of Woodvates, in this Parish, who died November 25, 1746, and is the first known forefather of Robert Browning, the Poet. He was formerly footman and butler to Sir John Banks of Corfe Castle. "All Service ranks the same with God."—Browning.

The most popular novel in Toronto during the past month, as evidenced

by sales at the bookstores and calls at the Public Library, was "The Hound of the Baskervilles" (Morang). Other novels enjoying large sales at present in Toronto are "Audrey" (Morang), "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" (Briggs), "Arms and the Woman" (Copp, Clark), "The Red Chancellor" (McLeod & Allen) and "The Battleground" (Mussion).

The Copp, Clark Company are bringing out an exquisite edition of Charles G. D. Roberts' new book of animal stories, "The Kindred of the Wild." The illustrations, by Charles Livingston Bull, are unusually strong and excellent, and the publishers have wisely decided to place about thirty of the original drawings on exhibition in various Canadian cities. In Toronto these drawings will be exhibited, probably this week, at Tyrrell's book shop, King street west. They will form a striking exhibition of genuine pictorial art, which no one should miss seeing.

Whitcomb Riley's New Poem—"The Soldier."

[Written for the Dedication of a Monument at Indianapolis.]

The Soldier!—meek the title, yet divine! Therefore with reverence, as with wild acclaim, We fain would honor in exalted line The glorious lineage of the glorious name!

The Soldier!—Lo, he ever was, and is, Our Country's high custodian, by right Of patriot blood that brims that heart of his.

With fiercest love, yet honor infinite, The Soldier—within whose inviolate care The Nation takes repose,—her inmost fame Of Freedom ever has its guardian there.

As has her forts and fleets on land and sea, The heavenward banner, as its ripples stream, In happy winds, or float in languid flow, Through silken meshes ever sifts the gleam Of sunshine on its sentinel below.

The Soldier!—Why, the very utterance Is music—as of rallying bugles, blent With blur of drums and cymbals and the chants Of battle-hymns that shake the continent— The thunder-chorus of a world is stirred To awful universal jubilee.

Yet ever through it, pure and sweet, are heard The prayers of Womanhood and Infancy.

Even as a fateful tempest sudden loosed Upon our senses, so our thoughts are blown Back where The Soldier battled, nor refused A grave all nameless in a clime unknown.

The Soldier!—though, perchance, worn, old, and gray; The Soldier!—though, perchance, the merest lad— The Soldier!—though he gave his life away, Hearing the shout of "Victory," was glad—

Aye, glad and grateful, that in such a cause His veins were drained at Freedom's holy shrine— Rechristening the land—as first it was— His blood poured thus in sacramental sign.

Of new baptism of the hallowed name "My Country"—now on every lip once more And blest of God with still enduring fame— This thought even then The Soldier gloried o'er.

The dying eyes upraised in rapture there, As, haply, he remembered how a breeze Once swept his boyish brow and tossed his hair Under the fresh bloom of the orchard-trees, When his heart hurried, in some wistful haste Of ecstasy, and his quick breath was wild And balmy-sharp and chilly-sweet to taste— And, as he gazed, a shivering godlike, though a trembling child.

Again, through luminous mists, he saw The skies—

Far fields white-tented; and in gray and blue And dazzling gold, he saw vast armies rise And fuse in fire—from which, in swift-view, The Old Flag soared, and friend and foe as one.

Blent in this vision's vivid mirage—then The eyes closed smiling on the smiling sun That changed the seer to a child again—

And, even so, The Soldier slept.—Our own!— The Soldier of our plaudits, flowers, and tears— O this memorial of bronze and stone— His love shall outlast this a thousand years! Yet, as the towering symbol bids us do— With soul saluting, as salutes the aeroplanes, We answer as The Soldier answered to The Captain's high command.

Santos-Dumont Answers His Critics.

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both by sales at the bookstores and calls at the Public Library, was "The Hound of the Baskervilles" (Morang). Other novels enjoying large sales at present in Toronto are "Audrey" (Morang), "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" (Briggs), "Arms and the Woman" (Copp, Clark), "The Red Chancellor" (McLeod & Allen) and "The Battleground" (Mussion).

The Copp, Clark Company are bringing out an exquisite edition of Charles G. D. Roberts' new book of animal stories, "The Kindred of the Wild." The illustrations, by Charles Livingston Bull, are unusually strong and excellent, and the publishers have wisely decided to place about thirty of the original drawings on exhibition in various Canadian cities. In Toronto these drawings will be exhibited, probably this week, at Tyrrell's book shop, King street west. They will form a striking exhibition of genuine pictorial art, which no one should miss seeing.

Whitcomb Riley's New Poem—"The Soldier."

[Written for the Dedication of a Monument at Indianapolis.]

The Soldier!—meek the title, yet divine! Therefore with reverence, as with wild acclaim, We fain would honor in exalted line The glorious lineage of the glorious name!

The Soldier!—Lo, he ever was, and is, Our Country's high custodian, by right Of patriot blood that brims that heart of his.

With fiercest love, yet honor infinite, The Soldier—within whose inviolate care The Nation takes repose,—her inmost fame Of Freedom ever has its guardian there.

As has her forts and fleets on land and sea, The heavenward banner, as its ripples stream, In happy winds, or float in languid flow, Through silken meshes ever sifts the gleam Of sunshine on its sentinel below.

The Soldier!—Why, the very utterance Is music—as of rallying bugles, blent With blur of drums and cymbals and the chants Of battle-hymns that shake the continent— The thunder-chorus of a world is stirred To awful universal jubilee.

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carried this far enough to prove to his own satisfaction that it is only a question of time and careful study to reduce the balloon to a minimum and the aeroplane principle to a maximum. That sounds right; that is the method of the great entity which laid down the laws of evolution; that is the survival of the fittest. And meantime the great aeronaut is experimenting in the air and not in the laboratory, which in such evolution contains the essence of ultimate success.

Creation.

Twenty-six letters in due order set Suffice for all of Shakespeare's varied verse; The elements of Nature's alphabet, As few and simple, spell the universe; Can they by any chance together hurled, Compose a Hamlet or create a world?

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Millinery Velveteen is made for appearances only, not for wear. S. H. & M. Bias Velveteen is made expressly for skirt binding wear from rich silk-finished velveteen, and combines durability with style and elegance.

If you do not find the letters S. H. & M. Redfern—a bias corded velvet.

on the back of Bias Velveteen or Brush Edge Skirt Bindings they are not the best.

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FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS

the flying-machine will be achieved only by the way of evolution, by making the air-ship pass through a series of transformations analogous to the metamorphoses by which the chrysalis becomes the winged butterfly. My air-ship, which raises itself by pushing back the air, has already done better than the chrysalis, whose elongated form it resembles. It may be that very soon nothing will prevent it from freeing itself completely from its cocoon of silk lined with hydrogen, and from being wholly comparable to a butterfly.

In other words, he began his experiments with a large balloon and small motors and planes. Gradually from practical experience in the air he reduces the size of the balloon, the quantity of hydrogen, and enlarges the planes and motors, and he says he has

carried this far enough to prove to his own satisfaction that it is only a question of time and careful study to reduce the balloon to a minimum and the aeroplane principle to a maximum. That sounds right; that is the method of the great entity which laid down the laws of evolution; that is the survival of the fittest. And meantime the great aeronaut is experimenting in the air and not in the laboratory, which in such evolution contains the essence of ultimate success.

BEAUTY IS POWER

DR. CAMPBELL'S SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS AND FOUL'S ARSENIC SOAP are the most wonderful preparations in the world for the complexion. They remove Pimples, Freckles, Blackheads, Redness, Tan, Eruptions, Eczema, and all other facial and bodily blemishes. These preparations brighten and beautify the complexion as no other remedies on earth can. Wafers, per box, 50c, and \$1; six large boxes \$5; Soap, 50c. Address all mail orders to H. B. FOUL, 20 Glen Road, Toronto. Letters of inquiry must be addressed to H. B. Foul, 214 Six Ave., New York. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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Very wise after the event.—Brooklyn "Eagle."

A Difficult Question.

A story of a conversation between a traveler, visiting at a popular resort, and one of the permanent residents, is told by the "Ram's Horn."

"I am a stranger here, sir; can you direct me to a first-rate church?"

"Oh, yes, right around the corner."

"What sort of a preacher have they?"

"A very good man."

"Interesting?"

"Very."

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New Woman—"Husband, I need a change. The doctor said my life is too monotonous. I need excitement." Husband—"Try staying at home."



THE musical season that has just closed has nearly altogether had its interest centered in the record of the Massey Hall. To the managers of that institution the public have been indebted for the only performances of grand opera worthy of the name. The appearances of the Grau Opera Company in October may, in fact, be considered the most brilliant and the most important musical events of the season. Taking advantage of the visit to the city of the Duke and Duchess of York, the Massey Hall management engaged the Grau company for one operatic concert and three opera representations. The stage of the hall was fitted up for the occasion, and for the first time in its history the lyric drama was heard within its auditorium. The experiment was a financial and artistic success, and, to the surprise of everybody, the acoustics of the building proved satisfactory for the purpose. The operas given were "Lohengrin," with Mme. Schumann as Elsa, Herr Dippel as Lohengrin, and Mme. Louise Homer and Herr Muhlmann as Ortrud and Telramund respectively; "Carmen," with the great and inimitable Calve in the title role, Salinas as Don Jose, Journet as the bull-fighter, and Miss Fritz-Scheff as Michaela; and Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," with Mme. Camille Seydard as Juliet and M. Gilbert as Romeo. The general consensus of opinion seemed to be that the "Lohengrin" production was the most satisfactory. The musical beauty of the opera and the vocal charm of Sembrich's singing, combining to make the performance most noteworthy. "Carmen" was, of course, remarkable for the dramatic attractiveness of Calve's impersonation of the heroine. It must be admitted that Mme. Calve has a beautiful voice of singularly appealing quality, but one cannot overlook that musically her interpretations are often capricious and indefensible. The Gounod work, played to a small audience at the matinee, did not create special enthusiasm, partly because the Frenchman's setting of the Shakespearean tragedy does not strike English people as being commensurate with the subject. The operatic concert at which the Duke and Duchess were present may be dismissed with the remark that the programme was light and poor. Next in importance to the Grau opera one may place the combined concert of our own Mendelssohn Choir and the Pittsburgh Orchestra, given early in the year. The finished singing of the choir and the fine playing of the orchestra under the direction of Victor Herbert in a choice programme made the concert one to be long remembered with pleasure. Two of the most successful numbers were the "March and Chorus" from the third act of "Carmen," which, as sung by the choir, accompanied by the orchestra, had a most brilliant effect, and Dr. Elgar's inspiring and patriotic epilogue to his ballad, "The Banner of St. George," which produced a profound impression by its grandeur and the sonority of the voices and instruments. The choir had previously given a concert devoted to its own specialties, in which they had the assistance as soloist of Mr. Harold Bauer, the eminent English pianist, whose rendering of well-known masterpieces for the instrument won the admiration and judicial respect of the conservative musicians. The principal orchestral numbers played by the Pittsburgh organization were the "Largo" from Dvorak's "New World" symphony; Berlioz's "Carnival Roman" overture, and a selection from Wagner's "Meistersinger." Both these concerts attracted audiences that taxed the seating capacity of the hall to the utmost. Other events that employed large resources were the productions of "The Messiah" and "Redemption" by Mr. Torrington and his chorus, with local orchestra and local singers in the first case, and with Mr. David Elpham, Mrs. Dorothy Harvey and Mr. Jenkins as the principal solo singers in the Gounod work. Both performances were above the average in merit, taking several previous productions by Mr. Torrington as a basis of comparison. The list may be extended by including the annual concert of the Male Chorus Club, under the direction of Mr. J. D. A. Tripp. The club gave a popular programme, and rendered it with their well-known effectiveness. They put forward as soloists Mr. Gerardy, violoncellist, and Mme. Maconda, a light and pleasing soprano, both of whom were enthusiastically received. A somewhat ambitious attempt was made by Mr. James Dickenson to found a permanent orchestra under the name of Toronto Symphony Orchestra, but only one concert was given by them, and the result was not sufficiently encouraging to warrant a continuance of operations.

The demand for grand opera at popular prices was catered to by the Boston Lyric Opera Company, who put on the stage of the Grand "Carmen," "Trovatore," "Faust" and "Bohemian Girl." Although the representations were defective in many ways, they had a certain value in giving opportunities of hearing the works mentioned on payment of very small fees, and it is said that many people heard these operas who had never heard them before.

At the Princess the supply of light opera was liberal, and once again the productions were more remarkable for the sumptuousness of the mounting than for intrinsic charm or originality of the music. The operas offered were Julian Edwards' "Dolly Varden," a superbly staged and costumed production, with a light and tuneful but not original score; Julian Witmark's "Chaperons," another most expensively mounted piece; Leslie Stuart's "Florodora" and Sydney Jones' "San Toy." "Dolly Varden" owed most of its success here to the picturesque acting of Lulu Glaser in the title role. Both "Florodora" and "San Toy" played to very large business, and the former closed the season at the Princess with a return engagement of nine nights. A very indifferent cast of singers was

put forward in the case of these two operas, but the enormous popularity of the works everywhere secured paying attendance for both of them.

We had two visits of the Westminster Abbey glee and concert party during the season, and the promoters of the scheme evidently found Toronto a profitable field, as three concerts were given on the first visit and four on the last. Very interesting programmes of old characteristic English music, with a few modern songs, were sung with much finish and smoothness. The male altos and the boy sopranos of the party naturally attracted a good deal of attention, the male alto being especially rare in this country.

Among the foreign solo artists not already mentioned who appeared singly or with other talent were Paderewski, Josef Hofmann, pianists; Fritz Kreisler, Kubelik, the boy Florizel, and Senor Ferrer, violinists; Mme. Nordica, Frau Lilli Lehmann, Plunket Greene, Watkin Mills and Jessie McLachlan, vocalists. The violin community were dazzled at the marvelous technique of Kubelik, and bewildered and delighted by the precocious talent of the boy Florizel, who proved himself a marvel in the matter of execution and musical gifts. Lehmann gave a most artistic recital of serious songs. Mme. Nordica was as charming as ever, and few who heard the American soprano on the occasion referred to will forget the wonderful effect which she produced in Brunielli's "Call" from the "Walkure." Paderewski appeared in a single concert at Massey Hall before a very large audience. Judged by his own standard of playing, he was never in worse form here; but then his worst form is so much more acceptable than the best moods of many other pianists that he was received with many manifestations of delight. Hofmann, a young virtuoso of only twenty-one years, delighted his audiences by his refined and poetic style and his finished technique. Hofmann appeared a second time in conjunction with Kreisler and Gerardy. Kreisler proved to be a violinist of fine equipment and artistic appreciation.

Among the many local events which were highly commended were the concerts of Mrs. Adamson's string orchestra; of Mr. Frank Blachford and Miss Lina Adamson, violinists; of the Ladies' Choral Club, under the direction of Miss Hilary; of the Conservatory String Quartette; of Mr. Welsman and Eugene Quenen, pianists; of Mrs. Welsman and Klugefeld, in joint recital; of the Toronto String Quartette, under Mr. Klugefeld; and of Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison. Other Canadian artists non-resident here who appeared were Whitney Mockridge, tenor; James Fitch Thomson, baritone; Miss Ethel Martin, soprano; Emilio Renaud, and Miss Anna Fyche, pianists; and Arthur Howard Blight, baritone, who had the assistance of Mme. Julie Wyman.

A perfect concert in its particular class, which was given late in the season, was that of the Knickerbocker Club of Boston, who were engaged through the enterprise of the Women's Musical Club. This concert was a perfect and unalloyed treat to all lovers of chamber music.

The season was brought to a close with an evening concert by Sousa and his band, who performed before an immense audience. It may be added, in conclusion, that the season was almost barren of new works of large dimensions.

The popularity of the vocal recitals given by Mr. Rechab Tandy and his pupils was fully demonstrated on Saturday evening last, when the Conservatory Music Hall was not only crowded, but large numbers turned away, unable to gain admittance. The pupils included those in their intermediate and final year's studies, and their singing showed the artistic methods employed by their teacher, one marked feature being the distinct utterance of words, so essential to the finished singer. Those who appeared were the Misses Thomson, Crawford, Manie Houston, Alice M. Lewis, Ida Snarr, Rhoda Marlin, Melissa Ames, Mabel Stone, Edythe E. Crawford, Violet Thomson, Hannah Cameron, Mr. Charles J. Wallace, Mrs. H. Shaw, Mr. David Hood, Messrs. W. Millard McCannica and Charles E. Clarke, and Mr. Rechab Tandy. It is Mr. Tandy's custom to sing several numbers at each recital, which lends interest to the programme and enables the audience to note that those under his teaching are acquiring the proper method of singing. Mr. Tandy sang with distinction the numbers allotted to him. The accompaniments were played in a helpful and sympathetic manner by Miss Louise Tandy, A.T.C.M., and Miss A. Edith Crawford, and the organ obligato by Miss Ethel Deever.

It is announced elsewhere that Mr. Walter Robinson of Carnegie Hall, New York, teacher of voice production and repertoire, intends to give a summer term of lessons in Toronto and Hamilton, beginning July 2. Application should be made by mail until June 30 to the New York address, and after June in care of Messrs. Goulay, Winter & Leeming, Toronto.

Miss Margaret Nelson, pupil of Miss Florence Graham, gave a most interesting vocal recital in the Toronto College of Music on the evening of Thursday, May 22. Almost perfect tone production and the particularly happy manner with which Miss Nelson lent herself to the spirit of her several numbers, in a large measure explain Miss Nelson's success. The voice is a soprano of splendid promise, powerful, sympathetic and of a rare quality. To these things are added purity of diction and a pleasing presence. The vocal programme included the following numbers: Gertrude Schütz's "The Violet," Foster's "Weaver's Awa," Meyerbeer's "Nobil Signor" and "Roberto," M. V. White's "Let Us Forget" and "Butterflies," Nevin's "Good Night, Beloved," and "Jesu Misere," and "Come Unto Him" from "Messiah." Miss Nelson was assisted by Miss Helen Grasset, pianist, pupil of Mr. F. S. Welsman, and Mr. F. C. Smith, violinist, of the College staff. Miss Mabel Tait accompanied Miss Nelson.

The announcement that Mr. A. S. Vogt is entirely discontinuing his organ classes next season, in order to confine his teaching to piano-playing only, will be learned with regret by many who had hoped to arrange for instruction in organ-playing under Mr.

Vogt next season. During the past few seasons Mr. Vogt had accepted a limited number of organ students, and their uniform success both as church and concert players furnished a strong tribute to their teacher's methods and his thoroughness. Much of the success of many of these pupils, among whom may be mentioned Mr. W. H. Hewlett, Miss Jessie C. Perry, Miss Edith C. Miller, Miss Florence Brown, Mr. T. A. Reed, Mr. F. Arthur Oliver, Mr. W. A. Pickard, and others who are now occupying important professional appointments in various parts of the province, may be largely attributed to the fact that their manual technique had been acquired in the piano classes of their teacher, thus equipping them for comprehensive organ study. In this respect many organ students study at a great disadvantage, the importance of a thorough grounding in piano technique before taking up the organ not being generally appreciated by either students or teachers.

The Toronto Conservatory String Quartette met with distinct success recently at the Brantford Male Chorus Club concert. Miss Lina D. Adamson and Mr. Saunders were both encored heartily for their solos, and the "Expositor" has the following to say in reference to the quartette: "The work of the Toronto String Quartette, opus 96 (first movement), was rendered with dainty brilliancy, and was marked with unity and symmetry."

An interesting piano recital was given on Monday evening in the College of Music by Miss Helen Grasset, a accomplished pupil of Mr. Frank S. Welsman. Miss Grasset offered a programme which afforded a good test of her versatility and musical taste and gifts. Her numbers included two mazurkas, in E minor and F minor respectively, by Chopin; the Necturus in B flat minor by the same composer; two sketches by McDowell, "To a Wild Rose," and "To a Water Lily"; the Schubert-Liszt transcription, "Hark, Hark the Lark," and the Verdi-Liszt "Rigoletto" fantasia. In all these numbers Miss Grasset evidenced the possession of not only excellent natural gifts, including a fine sense of rhythm, but also the development of a comprehensive technique, and altogether the results of careful and effective training. Miss Grasset was assisted by Miss Norine Pew, who sang two numbers very prettily, and Mr. Paul Hahn, violinist, Mr. F. C. Smith, violin, and Mr. Welsman himself at the viola, in the ensemble of the Rheinberger quartette for piano and strings.

A very successful recital was given on Wednesday evening of last week at the Toronto College of Music by pianoforte and organ pupils of Mr. George D. Atkinson. An exacting programme was presented, comprising selections from the works of Bach, Mendelssohn, Gailman, Bird, Heiler, Chopin and Wagner. In the piano numbers, beauty of tone and unusual breadth of interpretation were features, and the organ work was marked by effective registration and pleasing repose. Those who appeared were the Misses Carlotta Wikison, Gussie Rae, Grace Bonnick, Nellie Stockwell and Mary Cadenehead, all of whom, without exception, reflected great credit upon their conscientious instructor. The pleasure of the evening was enhanced by the singing of two pupils of Miss Graham, the Misses Margaret Nelson and Lexie Clark, the latter of whom among her numbers gave a charming little lullaby by Mr. Atkinson on words by Jean Blewett, its first hearing.

In "Harper's" for June, W. L. Alden says that the Cremonese dislike violins, and tells amusingly of his search for a violin in Cremona: "Being in Cremona, I naturally went in search of violins. I had a vague idea that I might pick up a Stradivarius, an Amati, a Guarnerius, and perhaps other treasure of the kind, for next to nothing, like those fabulous persons who are said to pick up invaluable instruments and priceless old books for a mere music-hall song. Of course I did not find any valuable violins, but what I did find was a single violin that I did not see or hear of in Cremona. In every Italian city there are dozens of shops devoted to the sale of musical instruments of all sorts, and, among these, violins of all sizes and conditions, from the young soprano violin to the venerable and gouty contrabass, are exposed in the windows. In Cremona, however, there is not a violin to be sold, and I am persuaded that there is not one in the possession of a single Cremonese. At first I could not understand this mystery. Neither could I understand why no one to whom I spoke seemed to take the slightest interest in the great violin-makers of the town. Baedeker asserts that the house of Antonio Stradivarius is still to be seen, and I went in search of it. I found only a vacant lot where the house had stood, and I was informed by a policeman, who looked at me sternly and with evident suspicion, that the house of Stradivarius had been torn down. I asked him why so valuable a relic had been destroyed, and he replied by suggesting that if I would accompany him to the headquarters of the police, I might possibly receive an answer to my question. I left him more in anger than in sorrow, and asked no more questions of the Cremona police. From what I afterwards learned in conversation with several of the leading porters and street-sweepers of the place, I came to the conclusion that the people of Cremona had for so many weary years been asked by strangers concerning the Cremona violins and their makers that in a fit of justifiable rage they had resolved that the entire subject of violins should be ignored both by themselves and the strangers who might venture within their gates. I cannot say that I blame them. Their town has picturesque architecture, a school of art of its own, and a history that it has a right to be proud of, but the stranger never thinks these things worthy of notice, and conceives of Cremona exclusively as the birthplace of certain fiddles. I no longer wonder that it is unsafe for a man to speak of violins to the Cremonese. They are a polite people, and a long-suffering

people, but they are very tired of violins, and the stranger who visits Cremona will, if he is a prudent man, remember this fact."

CHERUBINO.

Saturday to Monday Summer Excursions.

Commencing Saturday, June 7, and until October 25, 1902, the Grand Trunk Railway will issue round trip excursion tickets from Toronto, good going by all trains Saturday and Sunday, valid for return Monday following date of issue. Small booklet showing fares and points to which they apply on application to Grand Trunk Railway ticket agents, Offices N.W. corner King and Yonge streets and Union Station.

Lord Roberts' Self-Control.

It was Mr. Julian Story, husband of Emma Eames, who painted the portrait of Lieutenant Roberts, killed on the Tugela, and which was presented to Lord Roberts by popular subscription. The general visited Mr. Story's studio in Linden Gardens to sit for the eyes, which resembled in color those of his son. When Lord Roberts entered the room he was faced by the closest reminders of the boy that had been his hope—his uniform, the Victoria Cross that had been pinned on his breast after he was dead, and the sword that a soldier godfather had given him. The saddened man allowed himself a glance at these reminders that must have pierced his heart, and then walked quickly to the far end of the studio. For a few minutes he remained silent, his gray-blue eyes fixed on vacancy. In those minutes he had fought it out. When he spoke it was without any trace of emotion, calmly, and on general topics. He had seen others give up their best in silence; he had learned to do the same himself.

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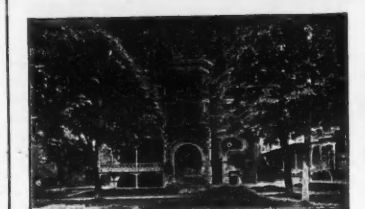
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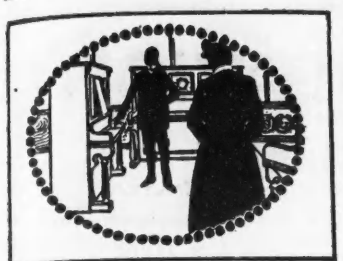
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Hats—\$5.00 and full length—semi-fitting and loose—\$7.99 to \$9.99.

84 Yonge St.

Social and Personal.

MR. and Mrs. Thomas Tait went down to Montreal on Tuesday, accompanied by Major Cockburn, V.C., who has no intention of going to the Coronation, as has been reported.

Mr. Lewis P. Wood of the Bank of Commerce is spending his vacation with his people, at 97 Avenue road.

Mrs. and Miss Warwick went to Hamilton for the races. Miss Drury, Mrs. Gwynne's guest, has gone to Kingston to attend a friend's marriage. Mr. W. Ramsay went to Hamilton this week. Mrs. Bristol is in Hamilton. Mrs. John D. Hay is visiting at the Holmstead for race week. Mrs. Arthur Sprague has taken a cottage at Golden, B.C., for July and August, and leaves here at the end of the month, with her daughter. Mrs. Ross Bongard of Prince Arthur avenue is visiting Mrs. C. Ernest Gault in Montreal. Mr. Lloyd Harris of Brantford was in town for the O.J.C. races.

Mr. and Mrs. Brock and Miss Muriel Brock are home from Montreal. Mrs. Clark, wife of Professor Clark of Trinity College, is able, I hear, to leave the hospital and visit friends out of town.

Mrs. Greenshields is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gooderham. Senator and Mrs. Templeman of Victoria, B.C., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Patterson at Todmorden. Mr. Patterson purchased last year the fine residence of the late John Taylor, at Todmorden, and is, with his family, revelling in the delights of a perfect country home. The splendid huge house, with all the latest comforts, the cozy little property and the fine air and view, are really delightful, and the old hearty welcome awaits Toronto friends.

Sir William and Lady Howland and Miss Bessie Bethune are boarding in cosy quarters in Pembroke street, and have given up their Bedford road house.

The Misses Stimson returned to Ingersoll last week, having much enjoyed their visit in Toronto. Mr. Fauquier was at the races last week, a welcome visitor from Montreal. Mr. and Mrs. George Reid of Ladysmith road will not receive again until the autumn. They are to spend the summer in the Catskills.

Mrs. E. F. Robinson is now settled in her summer home, Bryn Athyn, Balm Beach.

Mr. Jack A. Tarbutt is in Dr. Walker's hospital, where he has undergone a very dangerous but most successful operation, and is now doing very well indeed. Mr. Tarbutt is able to see friends who may call between 3 and 4 or 7 and 8 o'clock.

The beautiful flowers used in decoration at the Board of Trade banquet on Thursday were from Dunlop's conservatories.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated on Tuesday in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, when Mr. Louis Vincent Cote of Oakville was married to Miss Monica Augusta Lanprier of this city. Promptly at nine o'clock the bride entered the church, leaning on the arm of Sheriff Dawson of St. Catharines. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. H. Cote, rector of St. Patrick's, Hamilton (brother of the groom), assisted by Rev. P. O'Donohoe of Port Lambton, cousin of the bride. The bride was handsomely attired in white silk organdie over white silk, the bodice being trimmed with beautiful rose point lace. She wore a veil and wreath of orange blossoms. Miss Maude Lanprier was bridesmaid, and wore a gown of white organdie, with hat to match, and carried a bouquet of bride's maid's roses. Mr. D. O. Cameron, barrister, of Toronto, was best man. After the celebration of nuptial mass the wedding party adjourned to the home of the bride's mother, 19 Moss Park place, where a dainty dejeuner was served. After receiving the congratulations and good wishes of those present, the happy couple left, amidst showers of rice, for western points. On their return Mr. and Mrs. L. V. Cote will reside in Oakville.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Jean Vincent, only daughter of the late Rev. Edward Vincent, to Mr. George Bonham Town of Penn Yan, N. Y., in McNab Street Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, on June 18.

Hon. Senator Gibson was in town on Thursday. He is going to England on the 14th, and taking his daughters over with him. Senator Melvin-Jones saw his wife and daughter off to England this week from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Sullivan sailed this week for Canada. Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Haas and their family are at Mrs. Mead's, Center Island. Mr. Hees has taken a trip to the Klondike.

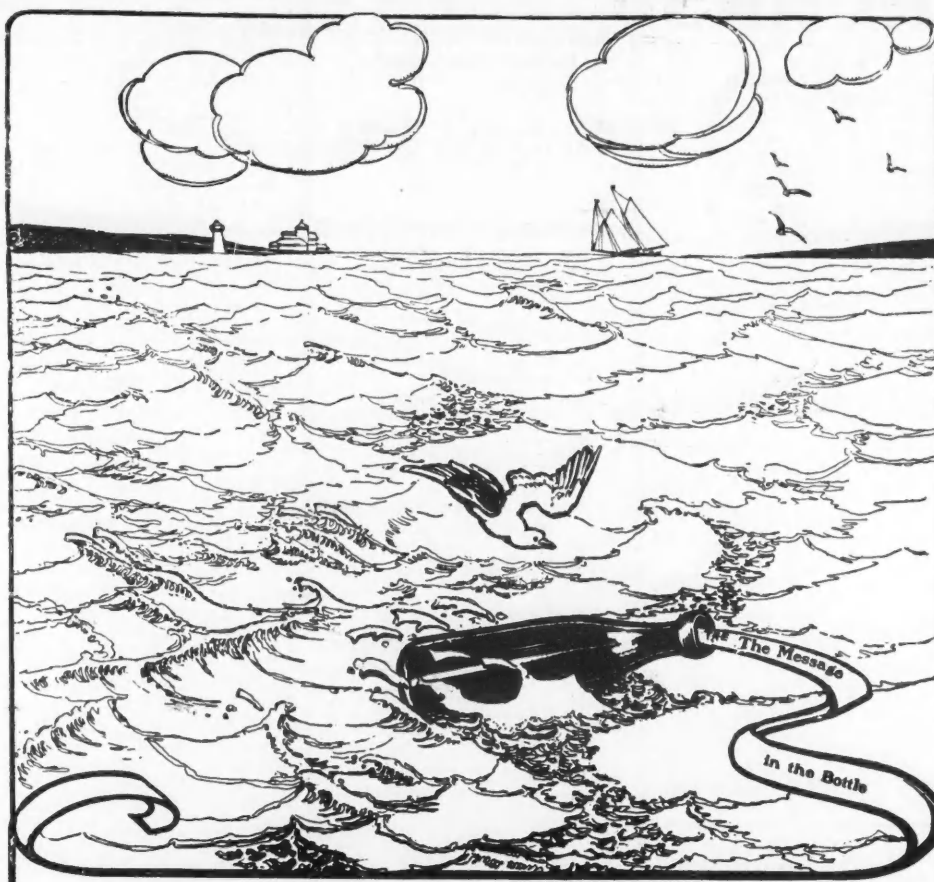
To Sing at Dundas.

Miss Mabel B. Beddoe, a former pupil of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and now a pupil at the New England Conservatory, will sing at Dundas on June 19, for the benefit of the Presbyterian Church choir. The Cambridge (Mass.) "Chronicle" says of her: "Miss Beddoe is tall, stately and well poised in her public work, and has a richness and fulness in her voice which quite corresponds to her bearing, and yet the sweetness of her expression is in perfect harmony with the delicate shades of feeling and depth of emotion with which she fills her daintier songs."

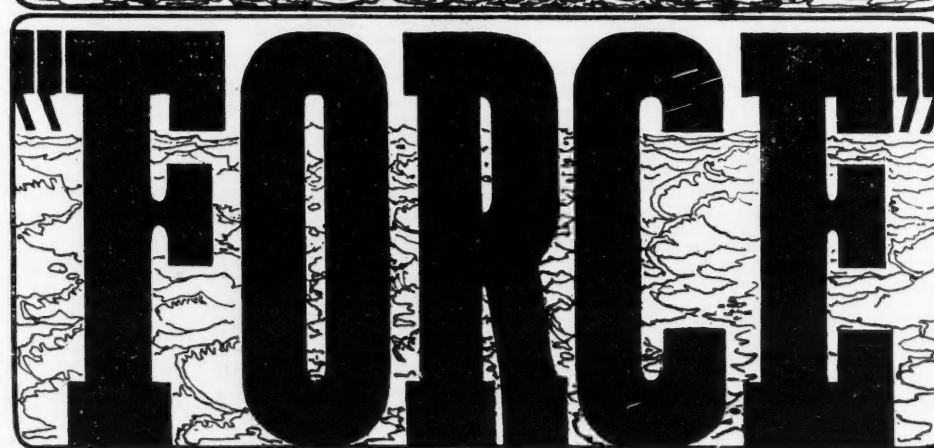
Works of Art.

On Monday next there will be on view at the late Publishers' Syndicate Book Store, No. 7 King street east, the finest collection of water-color drawings and oil paintings that has reached Toronto this season. The exhibition will be open free to the public for one week, when lovers of art will have an opportunity of seeing many rare and beautiful pictures of foreign production.

Amongst the artists represented are to be found some familiar names, as well as many others hitherto unknown



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In Canada. The works of such artists as Cameron, Hayes, Ireland, Parton, Miles, Fitzgerald, Chabrier, Sprink, Hooper, Bishop, Wintz, Corbinea, Sherrin, and, above all, Beaudin, expressing themselves in the medium of oils, and Piss, C. Hayes, Kinnaird, Aldridge, McCallum, Gide, Fox, Norton, Sheriniss, Gruiger, Raissiguer, De Lio and Blatter in that of water-color, will no doubt induce a large number of appreciative lovers of the artistic to view the collection.

No information has been obtained as to whom the pictures are consigned, but it is understood that many of them are for sale.

The Chances of Long Life.

WE should be afraid of the fear of death—not of death itself. If we follow this rule, there is no reason why we should not all become centenarians—so we are told in the "Revue d'Economie Politique" by M. Jean Finot. This author begins an article on the limitations of life by mentioning some traditional long lives. Among these cases are those of a resident of Goa, who is said to have reached his four-hundredth year in the enjoyment of all his intellectual faculties, a Scotchman who lived to be over 200 years old, and various monks of Mont Athos who have

reached 150 years. He asserts that Serbian statistics for 1897 show three persons between 135 and 140 years old, 18 from 125 to 135, 123 from 115 to 125, and 290 from 105 to 115. In 1890 there were, he says, in the United States, 3,881 persons over 100 years old and 21 in London. M. Finot cites a mathematical formula, which he credits to Dr. Richardson, by which anyone may get an idea of his probable length of life. It is only necessary to add the ages of one's father and mother to those of one's two grandfathers and two grandmothers, and the total divided by six indicates the exact number of years one should live. M. Finot does not believe that the average length of human life has been reduced. On the contrary, he believes that it is constantly increasing, owing to the progress of hygiene. Why do we grow old at all? The writer answers: "For three reasons. First, want of physical exercise in the open air; second, poisoning by microbes which the phagocytes have not succeeded in destroying; third, fear of death. It is hard to imagine the importance of this last element. If a man fears death, it will carry him away. And yet it is quite pleasant to die; no sensation could be compared to it."

To prove this assertion, M. Finot quotes Heim, who related the sensations he experienced while falling with his companions from the summit of one

of the Alps to a death which he miraculously escaped.

"At first a sense of beatitude, then complete insensibility to touch and pain; finally an extreme rapidity of thought and of imagination which in a few seconds enabled him to recollect the events of his whole life. Therefore, it is not death we should fear, but the fear it inspires in us. We are wrong, says Socrates, to fear death, as it is our greatest possession on earth, and Seneca adds that it is the best of the inventions of life, while Montesquieu concludes that we should shed tears for men when they are born and not when they die."

M. Henry de Varigny examines the question of longevity in "L'illustration" from another point of view. He asks: Has the man of to-day a chance to live longer than the man of 2,000 years ago? He bases his conclusions upon charts and statistics published by Professor Karl Pearson in "Biometrika" and upon the researches made by W. Spiegelberg of Strassburg, on the age of Egyptian mummies. These conclusions are that an Egyptian who 2,000 years ago lived to be 88 years old was likely to live longer than a modern Englishman of the same age. M. de Varigny gives the following explanation:

"Evidently there was among the Egyptians a natural selection, resulting from environment, that does not

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Saturday to Monday Excursion

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Steamers leave Toronto Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays 7:30 p.m. for Bay of Quinte, 1,000 Islands, Rapids, to Montreal. Low rates for single and return tickets.

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To Those Touring Europe.

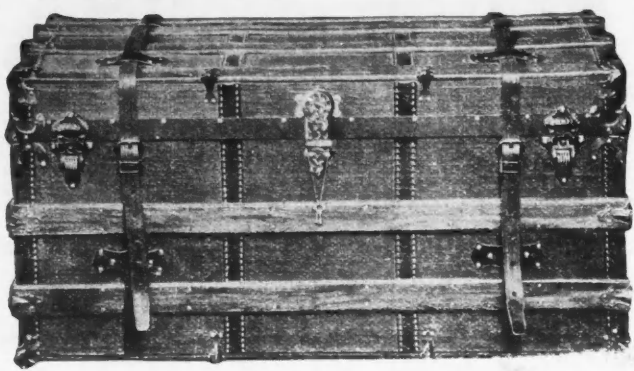
Tourists visiting the South of France are strongly recommended to take the Paris-Lyon-Mediterranean Railway in order to secure attentive service and the finest views of the Rhone Valley, Marseilles and the Riviera.

take place to-day, at least to the same degree, among civilized people. The Egyptians who reached the age of 88 years had robust constitutions, and therefore their chances of longevity were exceptional. Mortality was higher among the children and the adults, and there was a kind of selection by death. The man of to-day is not stronger; he is possibly weaker. But the majority of the people live under conditions more favorable to longevity, because we know what conditions to promote. In other words, the greater expectation of average life is the result of the progress of sanitary science in the fullest sense, and not the result of an increase of vitality. It is the consequence of the evolution of man's intellect rather than of the evolution of his body.

For these reasons M. de Varigny asserts that although the chances of life have increased for infancy, youth, and the prime of life, they have not increased for old age.

Ping-pong appears to be more successful than Christianity in India. The native ladies of the Punjab have taken it up.

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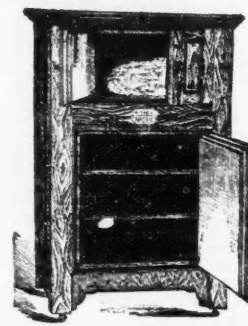
We manufacture all our own goods and you have our guarantee as to quality.

The 42 inch length Dress Trunks are made with two dress trays and deep top tray; the dress trays are fitted with tapes to fasten the gowns to.

We have these trunks at \$15.00, \$18.00, \$21.00, \$35.00. Our Illustrated Catalogue gives full list with descriptions and prices.

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For over a quarter of a century we have been supplying the people of Canada with these goods, and we have now got them near perfection. They are the best constructed, most convenient and durable made.

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For dressmaking and family sewing Corticelli Silk is the best silk made. For hand or machine use it has no equal. Corticelli Silk runs smoothly in the needle; it is always even in size and always full length and full strength.

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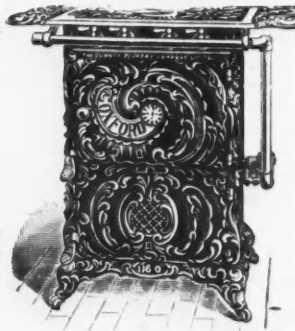
If your dealer does not keep Corticelli Silk it is probably because he makes a little more money selling some other brand. As Corticelli costs YOU no more than poor silk, why don't you try it? Ask for "CORTICELLI"—the Dressmakers' Favorite Spool Silk.

NOT ONLY BECAUSE IT'S COOLER BUT ALSO BECAUSE IT'S CHEAPER

... You Should Use An

OXFORD GAS RANGE

For Warm Weather Cooking



Oxford valves and burners are of special improved construction, using least gas to furnish intense heat—so that you really save money while using one of these reliable ranges, as well as enjoying the luxury of comfort and convenience.

Different sizes—most reasonably priced—better call and look them over.

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The Great Piano of Canada
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Is Used.

—It was used by Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales on the Royal Tour throughout their Canadian tour.

—It was used and highly commended by the Westminster Abbey Choir Concert Company in their famous entertainments last month in Canada.

—It has been used and endorsed by Madame Albani, Edward Lloyd, Plunket Greene, Wainman, Lieutenant Dan Godfrey, Arthur Friedheim, August Hylsted, and many other great artists.

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HEINTZMAN & CO.

115-117 King St. West, Toronto.



Made of hair and 1,000 steel springs.

"PERFECT COMFORT."

Marshall Sanitary Mattress Co., 77 York St., Toronto

Social and Personal.

The marriage of Miss Geneva Edith Moyer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel E. Moyer, Berlin, and Mr. Aaron A. Chase, attorney-at-law, of Scranton, Pa., took place on Wednesday, June 4, Rev. Canon Sweeney of Toronto officiating. The bride wore a very handsome traveling gown of light gray cloth, trimmed with pipings of gray and white silk. The coat, completed with a wide sailor collar and trimmings of French embroidered applique, opened over a very dainty white silk blouse. A most becoming picture hat of gray mohair, softly faced with white chiffon and roses, was worn with this toilette. The groom's present to the bride was a pearl and diamond sunburst. Miss Ross, daughter of Mr. G. Ross, assistant postmaster of Toronto, was bridesmaid, becomingly gowned in pink, with cream lace, with which a picture hat was worn. The groomsmen were Mr. Allan Moyer, brother of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. Chase left for Montreal, Saratoga and New York, via the St. Lawrence and Hudson rivers. The friends of the young bride in Canada generally and Berlin in particular regret sincerely her removal from her native town and country, and their wishes for a happy wedded life follow her to her new home. Mr. Chase is a prominent member of the Pennsylvania bar.

Miss Virginia Hugel, who has been paying several visits in town for the last six weeks, goes to Halifax again this summer.

The marriage of Miss Charlotte Jarvis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, of 59 Glen road, Rosedale, and Mr. Lawrence Boyd, son of Sir John and Lady Boyd, who is solemnized in St. Simon's Church, Howard street, next Saturday afternoon at two o'clock. Owing to recent bereavements in both families, the marriage is to be strictly a private one, invitations having been limited to relatives only.

Mrs. Roy S. Gee of 34 Langley avenue gave a very charming afternoon tea to a number of her friends on Wednesday. The guest of honor was Miss Ethel Allen, whose marriage to Mr. Orrin A. Gray is announced for June 17.

I hear that one of those pretty new houses in Elmley place has been taken by Mr. Alphonse Jones. There is not a sweeter and quieter little "cul de sac" tending at Barnstable, with its green terraces, and being the only street in Toronto possessing its own flower-bed than Elmley Place. It is reasonably accessible, but at this time, with flowers and trees, and pavements "a faire peur," it is absolutely apart from city noise, dust and traffic.

On Thursday Mrs. Thomas Rennie of "Morningside," Swansea, gave a lawn party. Swansea is a suburb not sufficiently explored by lovers of the beautiful in nature.

Mrs. Henry J. Boulton and the Misses Boulton of Grange road are to spend the summer in Brockville. Mr. and Mrs. Louie of the Queen's Park are en route for Europe. Mr. Reginald Northcote has sold his Huron street residence to Mr. Walter Dick. Mrs. George Le Mesurier and her family are to spend the summer at the Chautauqua, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Dr. James Patterson paid a flying visit to his people in Toronto this week. Mrs. Patterson, sr., spent some days in Oakville last week. Mr. Dickson Patterson has started a studio in New York, where he is now painting some very successful portraits. His last work here, of Premier Ross, is a marvelous likeness and a capital picture as well. The attitude and the keen, half-veiled eyes are to the life.

Mr. Pellatt, Master Reginald Pellatt, his grandson, and Mr. Horsey went down to see the colonel off at Quebec. Mrs. Harry Pellatt left on Wednesday evening for the Coronation, and I am told that her various Saratogas are filled with the most delightful gowns, which she will wear with dignity and style at smart

affairs in London. When she bows to royalty at the drawing-room Mrs. Pellatt will be a Canadian of whom Toronto will have every reason to feel proud, and, although her frocks may be gorgeous, they will not strike her friends so strongly as her own personality, which is at once gracious and commanding.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Givin and Mrs. Macpherson have removed from Euclid avenue to their new home, 853 Bathurst street. Mrs. Macpherson and Mrs. Givin will be at home to their friends as usual on the first and third Wednesdays of the month.

I heard several of her friends noting the absence of Mrs. John Small from the members' lawn last week. The races have been for years Mrs. Small's great outing, and no doubt her illness was much deplored by her, in that it kept her from enjoying the charming week which everyone found so pleasant.

Miss Tilley is to spend the summer with Lady Tilley in New Brunswick.

The Three Best Things.

WORK.
Let me but do my work from day to day, in field or forest, at the desk or loom, in roaring market-place, or tranquil room; let me but do it in my heart to say, when vagrant wishes beckon me astray—"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom."

Of all who live, I am the one by whom this work can best be done, in the right way:
Then shall I see it not too great, nor small, To suit my spirit and to prove my power; Then shall I cheerfully greet the laboring hours, And cheerful turn, when the long At eventide, to play and love and rest, Because I know for me my work is best.

LIFE.
Let me but live my life from year to year, With forward face and unreluctant soul, Not hastening to, nor turning from the goal; Not mourning for the things that disappear In the dim past, nor holding back in fear From what the future veils; but with a whole And happy heart, that pays its toll To Youth and Age, and travels on with cheer:

So let the way wind up the hill or down, Through rough or smooth, the journey will be joy; Still seeking what I sought when but a boy, New friendship, high adventure, and a crown, I shall grow old, but never lose life's zest, Because the road's last turn will be the best.

LOVE.
Let me but love my love without disguise, Nor wear a mask of fashion old or new, Nor play a part to shine in others' eyes, Nor bow my knees to what my heart despises; But what I am, to that let me be true, And let me worship where my love is due, And so through love and worship let me rise:

For love is but the heart's immortal shrine, To be completely known and all forgiven, Even as sinful souls that come to heaven; So take me, love, and understand my worst, And pardon it, for love, because conly And let me find in thee, my love, my best, —Henry Van Dyke in May "Outlook."

Woman's Fortitude

Severely Tried by Ailments Peculiar to the Sex.

Ordinary Medicine Will Not Cure Because It Merely Touches the Symptoms—How to Get at the Root of the Trouble.

Behind the veil of her womanly modesty and fortitude, nearly every woman suffers indescribably from time to time, and continues to suffer in spite of all her efforts, because ordinary medicine is powerless to do good in such cases. Ordinary medicine may give temporary relief—even a purgative may do that—but the one great medical discovery capable of permanently curing and preventing a return of the ailment is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills are not an ordinary medicine, they are not a patent medicine, but the prescription of a regularly practicing physician who used them in his private practice for years before they were given to the public under the name of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They are the best medicine for man; the only medicine for woman. Mrs. John McKerr, Chickney, N.W.T., says: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have saved me many a dollar in doctors' bills. For some years I was greatly afflicted with ailments that make the life of so many of my sex miserable. I tried many medicines, but found no relief until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills have made me feel like a new person; the almost continuous suffering I endured has passed away, and life no longer seems a burden. I know of a number of other women who have been similarly benefited, and I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills worth their weight in gold to those who suffer from female complaints or general prostration."

The happiness of health for both men and women lies in the timely use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which act as a nerve tonic and supply new blood to enfeebled systems. They have cured many thousands of cases of anaemia, "decline," consumption, pains in the back, neuralgia, depression of spirits, heart palpitation, indigestion, rheumatism, sciatica, St. Vitus' dance and partial paralysis. But substitutes should be avoided if you value your health; see that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is on every box. Sold by all dealers, or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

The Poetry of Disaster.

THE Martinique disaster, the most terrible in the records of the world, and which, to its victims, seemed like the veritable ending of all things, recalls the lines of Bailey's "Festus." It is this poem which details

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NATURAL LAXATIVE MINERAL WATER.
Because it will positively cure it with more safety than any other remedy known to the medical profession. BE CAREFUL, however, that you GET Hunyadi JANOS.

Your Physician will recommend HUNYADI JANOS.

Look at the Label. It is Blue, with red centre.

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It is most important for a housekeeper to have the best kitchen range made, otherwise housekeeping is a worry. Canada's best kitchen range is the

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a sermon preached by the devil in the market-place of a city. He gives the people unmistakable warning of what they may look for when there comes the end of the world:

The world shall stand still with a rending jar, As the ship struck at sea. The halls where sit The heads of nations shall be dumb with death. The ship shall after her own plummet sink, And sound the sea herself and depths of death. At the first turn Death shall cut off the third. And dash the gold bag in his yellow brain. The gambler, reckoning gains, shall drop a piece; Stoop down and there see death—look up, there God. The wanton, temporizing with decay, And qualifying every vice which vice Writes bluntly on the brow, inviting scorn, Shall pale through plastered red; and the loose, low set, Clear, for once, through his misty, over-brimmed eye, Die in prayer. Death shall be everywhere among your marts, And giving bills which no man may decline. Drafts upon Hell one moment after date. Then shall your outcries tremble amid the stars: Terrors shall be about ye like a wind; And fears come down upon ye like a house.

Fatigues of Social Life.

Social life has its fatigues as well as its pleasures. Strength and vigor come of good food, duly digested. "Force," a ready-to-serve wheat and barley food, adds no burden, but sustains, nourishes, invigorates.

Gladys—They say Harold is an expert in the art of self-defence. Evelyn—Nonsense! Edith made him propose in just one week!

"I had a proposal last night and refused it." "You are always thinking of the welfare of others, aren't you, dear?"—"Ohio State Journal."

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

Harris—June 1, Toronto, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. R. Harris, a son.
Moore—May 28, Toronto, Mrs. (Dr.) Charles Frederick Moore, a daughter.
Ouellette—May 22, Penetanguishene, Mrs. J. Ouellette, a son.
Quarrington—May 3, Toronto, Mrs. G. K. Quarrington, a son.
Elliot—May 30, Toronto, Mrs. W. S. Elliot, a daughter.
Duck—June 3, Toronto, Mrs. Henry F. Duck, a son.
Scott—June 3, Orillia, Mrs. John Scott, a daughter.
Terryberry—Port Rowan, Mrs. (Rev.) A. I. Terryberry, a daughter.

Marriages.

Cote—Lanphier—At St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, on 3rd June, by Rev. J. H. Cote, rector of St. Patrick's, Hamilton, assisted by Rev. P. O'Donoghue, of Ft. Lambton, Louis Vincent Cote, of Oakville, to Monica Augusta Lanphier, of Toronto.
Cram—McMahon—At Trinity Church, Berlin, June 3rd, 1902, by Rev. J. W. German, Ida Eleanor McMahon, only daughter of the late Richard McMahon, to Wm. M. Cram, barrister-at-law.
Fleury—Buck—May 29, Toronto, William J. Fleury to Margaret E. Buck.
Armstrong—Stocking—May 22, Newmarket, W. S. B. Armstrong to Mary L. Stocking.
Moore—Conboy—May 28, Toronto, Frank R. Moore to Cora Geneva Conboy.
Field—Hinde—May 31, Toronto, Bryan Field, M.D., to Mildred I. Hinde.
Alexander—Lamb—June 2, Toronto, Rev. David Alexander to Emma Lamb.
Small—Fraser—June 3, Toronto, Fritz

Hubert Small, A.M., to Anna Fraser, Hunt—McCarthy—June 3, Stayner, Geo. Harcourt Hunt to Joanna Maude McCarthy.
Stone—Armstrong—June 3, Parry Sound, Hiram Erskine Stone to Eva Alletta Armstrong.
Shepard—Reynar—Cobourg, Allen A. Shepard, M.B., to Fanny Eleanor Reynar.
Poussette—Rackham—August 21, 1901, Arthur Courthouse B. Poussette to Eleanor M. F. Rackham.
Syms—Barber—June 4, Toronto, Philip James Syms to Elizabeth Barber.
Clark—Henderson—June 2, Burlington, Peter Clark to Clemmie Henderson.
Hagel—Pattison—June 4, Toronto, Archie J. Hagel to Florence Maude Pattison.
Murray—Warrington—June 4, Belleville, William Parkin Murray to Regis M. Warrington.
Stoddart—Wood—June 4, Bradford, Capt. G. W. Stoddart to Pearl Gertrude Winifred Wood.

Deaths.

Pauli—May 25, Toronto, Almond Edwin Pauli, aged 72.
Mann—May 28, Toronto, Charles Tudor Mann, aged 26.
Howard—May 29, Toronto, Thomas E. Howard, aged 84.
Johnson—May 28, Windsor, Rev. Canon C. C. Johnson, aged 73.
Webster—May 29, Toronto, Hilda Webster, aged 4 years, 4 months.
Findlay—May 30, Toronto, James Findlay, sen.
Kerr—May 30, Toronto, Mrs. James F. Kerr, aged 69.
Leishman—May 27, San Jose, Cal., George M. Leishman, aged 43.
Byers—May 30, Oakville, Mrs. John R. Byers.
Peebles—May 29, Whitvale, Alexander Peebles, aged 75.
Wilson—May 29, Toronto, Alexander Wilson, aged 84.
Johnston—May 31, Lindsay, Mrs. R. J. Johnston.
Cooper—June 1, Toronto, Alexander Cooper, aged 72.
Fraser—June 1, Toronto, Walter J. J. Fraser, aged 25.
Meagher—May 31, Toronto, Patrick Matthew Meagher, aged 21.
Fox—May 31, Philadelphia, Mrs. R. Atkinson Fox.
McClure—June 1, Toronto, Mrs. Della Campbell McClure, aged 92.
Johnston—May 31, Toronto, John Johnston, aged 60.
Boyd—June 1, Cleveland, O., George W. Boyd.
Shaw—June 1, Toronto, Christopher S. Shaw.
Wilkinson—May 30, Toronto, E. G. Wilkinson, aged 72.
Gong—June 2, Toronto, Charles Crosbie Gong.
Wallace—June 2, Toronto, Mrs. O. C. S. Wallace.
Sagar—June 3, Toronto, William Lister Sagar, aged 55.
Dymont—June 3, Barrie, Mrs. Nathaniel Dymont, aged 66.
Richardson—June 3, Owen Sound, Richard Richardson, aged 76.
Rollison—June 3, Toronto, Carrie M. Rollison.
Ryan—June 4, Toronto, John Ryan.
Blain—June 3, Niagara Falls, N.Y., Joseph J. Blain, aged 63.
Boswell—June 4, Cobourg, Mrs. Caroline Boswell.
Fraser—May 21, Craighurst, Mrs. James Fraser, aged 83.
McMaugh—June 4, Toronto Junction, Mrs. (Capt.) J. Robert McMaugh.
Mather—June 1, Toronto, Mrs. Margaret Brown Mather.
Johnson—June 1, Toronto, James F. Johnson, aged 67.

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